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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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A PICNIC PARTY ROUTED.

THE IRRUPTION OF AN ODORIFEROUS DENIZEN OF THE SYLVAN SHADES SPOILS THE FEAST AND POISONS CUPID.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, August 2, 1884.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

No one cares to ask for Sammy Tilden's health now.

WHAS a whisky trade they have done in Chicago during these two months!

OH, yes, we are polite. We handle all dainty subjects with gloves—but then they are boxing-gloves.

HANGING-BEES are the mode in Arkansas at this season, lynching parties having gone out until fall.

SUPPOSE there were no blasted fools in the world, where would Coney Island be, as a watering-place?

LULU HURST is one of those girls who never lose their grip, whether they're mashing umbrellas or dudes.

No weather seems too warm for champion pugilists to ripen in. This fall's crop is going to be larger than ever.

MEN may come and men may go, but the POLICE GAZETTE goes on forever. And it hits a higher notch at every look.

JUDGING from the way some of the country editors poured the old stuff down at the Chicago convention, they must use patent insides.

THIS is the season of the year when the workingman stands aghast on learning the number of friends he had all along and didn't know it.

TALK about your "sooner" dogs—Harding says such an animal is nothing to a "sooner" wrencher. Eat? Lord! There's no stopping him.

WANTED.—A modern moralist with the discernment to detect something wicked in the "personals" of the daily press and the pluck to say so.

It took an electric girl to break Harry Hill all up. The way she wrecked that umbrella of his and yanked him around would give points to Matsada.

THE actors are jealous of the pugilists who give big shows at Madison Square Garden. Slugging pays better than "mugging"—that's what's the matter.

THE electric girl was plucked by the reporters' statement that she had Chicago feet, and has shortened her dress to show them. They are nothing of the kind.

It's a pity paper is so cheap. It gives so many numskulls a chance to figure as editors. We could spare half the newspapers in this country and profit by the loss.

THEY do say that Ferdinand is having a fine time in Ludlow street, although he complains that his champagne is not iced. His frozen cheek will make amends, we have no doubt.

If cholera strikes Paris we'll have all the French ballet girls over here next winter with all the refugee nobility of England following them. Rather the cholera than such a plague.

It will be fun to see the shoddyites who have gone over the sea to do Yurup just get up and hump themselves with old cholera snatching for their coat-tails. But it behooves our officials to see to it that these dudes don't bring samples home with them to give us the laugh on the other side of the mouth.

It's too bad this world is not tinted *coulour de rose*. Then some of the speckled characters who figure as moralists would not be reminded of their own deformities by the truthful reports in the newspapers.

THE philosophers have hit it this time sure. They declare the dude is the genuine Darwinian man—in other words, the "monk," shaved and dressed. Let the comic opera girls reflect on this and feel less flattered.

LORD MANDEVILLE, son-in-law of Cyrus the Great, is in a peck of trouble, they say, but being a nobleman his escapades must not be printed. If he were an American workingman he would figure in the papers, you bet.

WHAT are you giving us, Mr. Vanderbilt? You would let Maud S. trot for money? You? Well, we guess yes. You've got a record as well as Maud. It's a cold day when either of you get left when there's a chance to scoop in a pot.

It is sad to note the lack of spirit on the part of the watering-place banditti who keep hotels like robbers' caves. They haven't invented a sea-serpent yet this season. The jig must be up indeed when this voracious class begins to weaken.

A DARKEY of the fashionable hue of old-gold aspires to spar with Sullivan. The outside hue may be gold, but the basis of that moke is brass, we'll bet. He'll lose all his mettle if he ever meets his man in earnest and gets into that pudding mill.

WE suppose all the church people will think it's real wicked, but we must inquire why the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng has shaken the pulpit and remains abroad. That's one of the things, probably, that they object to the press for trying to find out.

DID it ever occur to you that if there were no crime there would be no necessity for societies with long names and fat salaries, and that if it were not for the press fighting crime there would be more of these societies and more of their fat salaries?

SOME of the ornamental naval officers of Washington, who know more about leading a german than of maneuvering a ship, are preparing to resign in anticipation of an order to sea duty. They're too fresh, these naval dudes, to take kindly to the briny.

THE rich idiots who fancied they were striking the world with awe when they drove their coaches in procession up Fifth avenue, have rather tumbled to themselves at last. They've begun to sell their coaches. Now if they could only be set at some honest work.

THAT wax-modeler at the Eden Musee puts heads on people right before the police—puts one, in fact, on Capt. Williams himself—and makes faces recklessly at all sorts of people. Flinging wax around in this reckless style, wouldn't you think he'd come in for whacks himself, some time?

WE are not popular with some good folks, because we paint the world as black as it is. They prefer veneer, though it may conceal rottenness. We prefer to show the native villainy in order that it may be eradicated. It is the truly good who thus perpetrate evil, and we, the truly devilish, who seek to destroy it, and yet they will not give us credit.

THERE is an undoubted spirit of pugnacity resting on our people. This is shown by the fact that astute politicians, as a first move to gain popular confidence, hint at the feasibility of seizing Cuba and annexing it. Our work for it, some of these amateur soldiers who thirst for martial glory will be very sick if they ever find themselves in the field in earnest. Real war isn't the picnic the poets and historians make it appear, and they who are wise will not forget it.

THAT genius who conceived the notion of taking a genuine Chinese leper about the country for the purpose of using him as a frightful example and scaring people, made a big mistake. There are so many moral lepers along the route East that the physical specimen wouldn't have proved a marker. They sat on the man with the leper, though, all the same, for some of the venerated church members would have taken the lecture and its illustration as personal to a dead certainty.

AFTER vainly trying, through the feeble talents of wretched Bohemian friends, to cast a glamour of romance about the obscene orgies of the studio, the reputable artists of this city are beginning to abandon the imitation Paris style of art life. Saturday night spree may do in Paris, where there are grisettes and cocottes, but the system is too nauseous and degrading for the American taste. Let the artists "shake" their frowsy Bohemians, stop their orgies, and become as respectable as other people.

CHARLEY MITCHELL has been giving lectures to prying reporters on the rise, progress, history and business virtues of sparring. Charley can talk almost as well as he can spar, and that is giving high praise, indeed.

WE give the news and we hit crime some big licks this week. True, there are great criminals and sly hypocrites who get bloody noses when we hit right and left in this style, but their howls don't affect us at all, and we're not going to let up.

SOCIETY is giving us some novel sensations nowadays. For instance, there's that wealthy lady of Long Branch who had too many husbands and had to hide away from the cops for a month in the cupola of her mansion. Really, these people are as bad when they are found out as the poor folks whose sins arise from lack of money.

THE complaint against the press is that they publish shocking murders and crimes in all their details. The complaint comes, however, from the class who furnish the crimes.

"No rogue e'er felt the halber draw.
With good opinion of the law";
and no hypocrite ever viewed his exposure in the papers with kindly feeling toward the press.

SOME of the parsons are languishing for another war, it seems, judging from the way they preach about a President who will spell nation with a big "N." The parson is the buzzard of society. When there is war, pestilence, death or marriage, or any other terrible thing occurs, he is sure to get the spoil and grow fat while others suffer. No wonder they begin to thirst for a strong belligerent government. It pays them to set the world by the ears.

WHAT a boom baseball has taken on itself within five years! Good! It's a splendid game, and worthy of its national title. We knew it would take root, even when in its early days Judge Van Cott and Charley Commerford, of the old Gotham, and Yates and Bixby, of the Eagles, used to play the old bound game on the Elysian Fields, at Hoboken. There are no such ball-fields now, but the game is all there and much improved.

GIRLS still have the rage for male togs. The latest case is that of the young bride who boldly wore the breeches in an Ocean Grove (N. J.) hotel, where her husband was engaged as a superintendent. She got along very well until she undertook to make love to the cook and the chambermaids. That was carrying the thing too far. The racket wouldn't pan out, and the trick was exposed. She might have known that. What did she expect?

THAT's a fine game the large theatrical managers have worked on the small fry, searing them off by predicting a ruined season owing to the Presidential campaign. "What fools these mortals be!" During the two previous campaigns—hotter ones than this is likely to be—fortunes were made by managers. Let the small fry pluck up courage and to it again for their whack of the public boodle that is going around as usual.

THE Arctic foolishness should cease, now that a remnant of the Greeley expedition has been rescued to give us fresh tales of horror from the frozen pole. What's the good of this exploration business, anyhow? We have better use for brave men. Rather give them over to us and let us put them in training for sluggers. It is cruel to match them against Boreas and the fiends of the North when it has been demonstrated so often that there is no chance for them. Talk about brutality—what is this?

WHAT a picnic the nobodies in politics have been enjoying in these convention times. They have all had their say to the reporters and their names have figured in all the papers of the country. This attempt to make news where there is none is most annoying to the average reader. The papers have been made mere conduits of unmitigated rot, with a sparkle of news here and there half buried in the mass. Journalism needs fumigation. This tendency to gush has become unbearable, and the public will not have it long.

THE fresh fool who writes editorial gush for the Boston Transcript pleads that there may be no personal contest in this political campaign. He thinks such scandalous electioneering matter fit for only the columns of the POLICE GAZETTE. The POLICE GAZETTE gives the news without hypocrisy, and is willing to take hard blows as well as give them, but it has no patience with besmirched sneaks who, like the Transcript sophomores, plead for secrecy and ask that honest truth be gagged. The Transcript man probably knows how it is himself, and he, and his bosses, too, feel that if personalities become the order of the day, none of them can hold his place in church or longer hoodwink the respectable portion of the community. Faugh! What hypocrisy there is in this world!

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

A "DROLL DOG" is a wag wi a funny tale. THE champion light weight—A "pound" of steak.

A GOOD many "amusements" are bores; but fishing is reel fun.

OARSMEN might appropriately be termed "Knights of the rowed."

"THERE is room on the top." Yes, for cream on boarding-house milk.

MANY a young man who growls at the hot weather is devotedly in love with some her.

NEVER use blue ink in writing to a red-headed girl. Violet matches her complexion the best.

WHY is a girl in a hammock like a house afire? Because there's a big display of hose if anybody puts her out.

A PROVERB is: "Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet upon the table." Well, pigs' feet are not bad on the table.

A BURLINGTON girl has a diary devoted entirely to noting down the visits of her beaux. She calls it her court docket.

"WELL, my young gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, please: with a little round hole at the top."

A ST. LOUIS paper describes a remarkable Indian idol recently found in the West. An Indian who wasn't idle would be more remarkable.

"GOING on to call on your girl to-night, Bill?" "No, sir. Too warm. She would consume on such a night as this at least four plates of ice cream."

THOSE capes with peaked shoulders which the girls wear should be adopted by the men. Just think what a lovely place it would be to hide a pocket-flask.

A YOUNG man wants to know what will bring out a mustache. Tie a cord around it tightly, hitch the cord to a fence-post, and then run backward.

OSCAR WILDE, in a recent poem, writes of a "Beautiful star with a crimson mouth." Some ballet girl must have got Oscar to treat her to strawberries and cream.

JONES says the landlady at his boarding-house acts real cold toward him, and he doesn't know of anything he has done except to ask for "another dose of pie."

It is said that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty was modeled after his mother. It will be noticed, by examining the pictures of the statue, that Mrs. Bartholdi used to hold the shingle in her left hand.

"Yes," said Fenderson, "I've got quite an ear for music." "You have quite an ear, sure enough," said Fogg, "but I wasn't sure it was for music. I didn't know but it was intended for a windmill."

YOUNG man, don't place too much confidence in the old saying that "love is blind." An ice cream sign is never so small that love can't see it. It would be well to bear this in mind when out for a ramble.

A VERMONT man has a hen thirty-nine years old. The other day a hawk stole it, but after an hour came back with a broken bill and three claws gone, put down the hen and took an old rubber boot in place of it.

ABOUT the coolest thing this hot weather is for the fellow who has a mustache composed of six hairs on one side and five on the other to give as an excuse for shaving it off that it made his lip too warm.

A FASHIONABLE lady ordered a bathing-suit of the latest style. It came to her in a letter, in which was also inclosed a stamp for a reply. She wrote back to ask which was the suit and which was the stamp.

"HE may be a little off in city ways, and perhaps people wouldn't take him for a dude at first sight," said she; "but he can toss a prayer higher than any minister we've had for the past twenty years."

THE new Troy (N. Y.) directory contains the name of one Kuss, three Fibbes, one Shout, one Coward, one Blowover and four Surprises, the most remarkable of which is that of two persons named Silence; one is a woman.

THE seats in a Western church are set on pivots, like those in use in dry goods stores, so that the most humble worshiper can make faces at the choir and shy putty balls at the minister's unprotected head at pleasure.

"WHY is this butter like Samson?" asked the spruce young man who tends the ribbon counter. But the landlady looked sternly at him, remarking: "You'd better settle last week's bill," and the cream of the joke was lost.

"I WONDER if there will be any dudes in heaven?" said a Somerville miss, the other day, to a companion. "If there are they won't part their hair in the middle," was the reply. "Why not?" "Because there is no parting there."

WAITER—"What will you have, miss?" Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare)—"Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces, it is a recognized property of atomic—" Waiter (shouts across the hall to head server)—"Baked beans for one!"

AARON JONES, of Lynchburg, Va., has posted a notice of dissolution on his shop door as follows: "The partnership heretofore existing between me and Mose is this day resolved. All parties indebted to the concern will settle with me, and all parties the concern is indebted to will settle with Mose."

SEVERAL Washington girls have had the initials of their lovers pricked into their arms with India ink. Some years ago Chicago ladies tried having the names of their husbands pricked in the same way, but they finally had to give it up, as their arms were not large enough.

How refreshing it is to the city man to walk through the green fields of the country when they are adorned with thousands of wild but beautiful flowers, and how it arouses his sluggish energy and sends the blood coursing through his veins when he carelessly kicks over a wasp's nest and has to run for dear life.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Some Kind and Encouraging Words for the Dramatic Profession.

Points of Personal and Professional Etiquette Treated in Our Usual Stern but Polite Manner.

SAVILLE.—Where is "Handsome Jack" Saville? He used to be the champion masher of the stage. But he seems to have disappeared from mortal ken.

FRAZER.—Bob Frazer has established a studio on the Harlem river. His portrait of a prominent resident of Morrisania has been pronounced one of the best cattle-pieces ever painted.

MAEDER.—Fred Maeder has broken his right arm. His plays will still continue to afflict the long-suffering American public. He don't write them, but just bites them out with his teeth.

MORRISON.—Louis Morrison swears that Oscar Wilde is the most contaminating Jonah he ever came across. Morrison complains that nobody who appeared in "Vera" ever had an hour's luck afterward.

PARSLOE.—"Charlie Parsloe will not act next season." In other words, Charlie will keep right along next season doing just what he did last season. All seasons are the same with Parsloe. He never acts—never.

MURPHY.—The reckless way in which Joe Murphy has, of late, invited two persons at a time to drink beer with him—at his expense—seems rather to justify the assertion that Murphy isn't by any means the man he used to be.

DOLARO.—Selina Dolaro has now started out in a new business. She has tackled Bob Ingersoll and is going to prove the truth of Christianity by the books of Moses. The fun of it all is that the burlesque Selina is a child of Israel.

GRAYSON.—Nobody had ever heard of Miss Pauline Grayson till she turned up the other day in Brooklyn with a new play which she calls "The Heiress of Rosedale." The local critics sit up of nights sharpening their scalping-knives.

CIPRICO.—Ciprico, the barber-tragedian, is still working the California press with his new play. Men who have suffered a reading of it declare that they would submit to anything rather than a second dose. They would even stand a close shave by its gifted author.

"FEDORA."—Jeffreys-Lewis has achieved an immense failure in Melbourne with "Fedora." The press and public said it was the vilest play ever produced in the Australian colonies, and Jeffreys-Lewis is now crying her eyes out to think she was fool enough to go out there.

BARLOW.—Miss "Billee" Barlow will play next season in John McCaul's company. "Billee" (whose real name is probably Jane Louisa Stubbs) ought to give her stage appellation a cold shake. It is, by long odds, the silliest ever affected even by a fifth-rate burlesque actress.

READE.—Charles Reade, the great English novelist, always kept the New York Police Gazette on file in his house, and shortly before his death told a friend that he regarded it as the most accurate mirror of human nature he had ever come across. And Charles was a good Christian, too.

BLACKBURN.—Miss Mary Blackburn, the extraordinary person who made such a picture of herself in the Salina Morse case, is going to play the principal part in "Thirst," an alleged drama to be done in New York in 1885—or thereabouts. A more appropriate title, it strikes us, would be "Cheek."

FROHMAN.—The Brethren, so 'tis said, are meditating a great coup. There is some basis, apparently, for the prediction that the Brethren have had a small quarrel with the Mallory syndicate and are going to start out for themselves. They will take all the business of the Madison Square theatre with them.

BELASCO.—Master David Belasco has sailed for England. If he poses in London as "a new and original playwright," or comes any of his little advertising games he will be shown up in a manner to make his black hair stick up on end like the bristles on a fretful London-brush. "Dave," however, will lie pretty low in London.

WILTON.—Ellie Wilton is to play the leading part in "Separation" next season. People who knew her in San Francisco are cruel enough to say she is over forty-five years of age. This may or may not be a fact, but Miss Wilton is certainly old enough to talk loud enough to be heard by her audience—something she never does.

RHEA.—Rhea has sailed and only took one of her lap-dogs with her. It wasn't Morrissey, however, who remains to attend to her business next season. Lord! What a prospect the coming winter. Five countesses—Janaushek, Modjeska, Janisch, Ristori and Rhea—all playing in broken English. If that don't give the stage its quietus, nothing will.

LEWIS.—A charming young St. Louis society belle, Miss Lillian Lewis, went on the stage some time ago under the benignant and paternal influence of Gentleman John Stetson. Now it turns out that there is a Mr. Lillian Lewis, and that Mrs. Lillian Lewis wants a divorce from him. She naturally feels that no undivided actress ever amounted to a copper.

TILLOTSON.—J. K. Tillotson won't acknowledge that his "Lynwood," alias "Belmont's Bride," is what John Stetson calls a "gaushful failure." He is going to produce it in New York as soon as he can raise money enough. Luckily it costs quite a good deal to inflict a vile play on this long-suffering metropolis. Even poor little Harry Weed found that out.

HUSSEY.—Among the numerous female phenomena of Golia is a young girl of fourteen, named Leonora Gordon Hussey, who wants to play "Richard the Third" against Tom Keene, for money. The Golia papers add that "although she is only fourteen she is a well-developed and beautiful woman." Take her for all in all she must be a very forward Hussey indeed.

ELLSER.—Em Ellser is looking for a new play. At present she fills the meek and lowly station of first support to Mr. Harris Rosenzweig (Lee). Mr. Rosenzweig (Lee) has so far not done anything particularly brilliant, and his aspirations as a star will no doubt be horribly snuffed out all in good time, but, for some mysterious reason, the Ellsler-Weston family is faithful to him unto death.

CASTLETON.—It is reported that Miss Jennie Freeman, alias Miss Kate Castleton, has given her second (is it her second or her third?) husband, Harry Phillips, the dearest kind of a dead shake. When it was understood that this worthy couple were really married, bets were offered that a divorce would be in order before the honeymoon ran out. The POLICE GAZETTE congratulates them both.

JOHNSON.—Another newspaper man gone to the dogs! Charles Johnson, for many years critic of the *Alta Californian*, has become the advance agent of the Williams-Tillotson company, headed by Fred. Warde and Kate Forsythe. Before he is many months older Johnson will be wondering how he ever sank so low, and whether there is any escape from his bitter and disgraceful humiliation. Poor Johnson!

DE MILLE.—Poor De Mille, of the Madison Square theatre, has been keeping very quiet ever since his fearful and wonderful "Duty" flamed out at that homestead of the Dull and the Debliterated! He has got into the newspapers again, after a long period of obscurity, and the newspapers do say that he has just celebrated the eighth anniversary of his marriage. If this be true, it is manifestly very important.

JANAUSCHEK.—"Mme. Janaushek will be supported next season by an exceptionally strong company." No wonder. But a strong company isn't all that the madame will require—for safety. The stages on which she plays will have to be extra well braced and the railroad tracks over which she travels will have to be carefully inspected before and after. The madame is about the heaviest tragedienne on the tow-path.

ST. MAUR.—Harry St. Maur has sailed for England. He says that this is an even blaster kentry than he expected to find it. Harry, by the way, is the fellow who taught little Harbison Grey Fresh that "Anglophobia" means a passionate love for England and everything English, whereas it means just the opposite. Poor little Fresh, who had been posing as a classical scholar in the bar-rooms of Union square has never forgiven St. Maur.

POMEROY.—Louise Pomeroy is back with us. For the benefit of those who don't know or don't remember the lady, let it be said that she is a quite clever actress, who, forty-five years ago, having become rather *passer* in America, went out to Australia and captured that British colony, body, soul and breeches. She has returned to inaugurate a warm competition with her great rival in age if not ability, the agile but ancient Lotta.

BROWNE.—George Browne is home again. The panic which sent his Welsh rabbits down to zero when news of his illness reached his customers, has, in a measure, abated, as it proves that a George Browne rabbit is not always fatal. The pessimists among his friends, however, shake their heads gloomily and quote the case of Sirro Delmonico. Sirro, it will be remembered, spent an evening at Browne's, tackled one of his golden bucks, and was found dead in his bed the next morning.

LOTTA.—Poor Abbey! The latest piece of ill-fortune which has befallen him is the loss of the Park theatre in Boston. Lotta held a mortgage on it and last week she foreclosed it. Abbey is now a rank outsider as far as management is concerned, the only establishment he controls being the Grand Opera House. But even that will probably pass away from him. How he must curse the day he ever allowed himself to be hoodwinked by his "swell" parasites and seduced into tackling Italian opera.

ABBEY.—Poor Henry Merdle—or shall it be Middle—Abbey! It seems that at no single performance of Italian opera at the Metropolitan was money enough taken in to pay the expenses of that performance. On some occasions the receipts didn't pay the prima-donna's salary for that night! The POLICE GAZETTE constantly advised Henry to let go; but he held on, and, in consequence, is not only dead broke, but suffers from the horrible accusation that he is going to marry Christine Nilsson. He says, nowadays, that if he had only been advised by the POLICE GAZETTE it would have been \$175,000 in his pocket.

IRVING.—Henry Irving says he is going to "crush" American ticket speculators. If American ticket speculators are going to be so foolish as to buy any extraordinary number of tickets to Irving's season next year, they will find themselves "crushed" with a vengeance. Most likely that is what he means. By the way, the POLICE GAZETTE was right in Irving's case, as it has always been in every other. It warned him that in coming here after American dollars he would break the spell he has so long exercised over London. Last week he got roundly hissed in his own theatre. No wonder that, according to the associated press, he has been "very dejected and surprised" by the change. It is only the beginning of the end, Henry, and you can bet on it, sure.

GUSH.—The youthful—he must be very youthful—critic of an Omaha paper raves in this manner over Rhea: "Such beautiful and worthy praise has been bestowed upon Rhea—only to be exceeded in beauty by the subject who inspired it! It is impossible to say anything better; but it is possible to say something more—such, in fact, is the simplicity, the truth and naturalness with which she portrays—devoid of anything abrupt, harsh or revolting—the impatience, the love, the grief and remorse of *Frou-Frou* and *Camille*, that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth and its variety—the skillful manner in which she interlaces these characters with an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose, an entireness and a completeness of effect which we feel as a whole, and the exquisite coloring of a strong undercurrent of passion and enthusiasm flowing beneath a calm self-possession, with her capacity for high feeling, and generous, strong indignation, veiled beneath the sweet austerity of a true artist, all of which blend into harmony and the feeling of reality, and which, by the very force of contrast, powerfully impresses the imagination, till wonder, expectation and intense pleasure hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable!" Lord! Bless us and save us—how beautiful!

SAFE.—A few months ago a combination appeared at one of the Western theatres. The manager of the theatre had been approached on several occasions by an enterprising safe firm with the request that the name of his concern be painted in large letters on the first safe, which, as a necessary property, would be introduced. Learning from the stage manager that a safe was a prominent feature of one of the scenes in the play to be produced, the manager instructed his scenic artist to label it with the name of the firm, and sent a batch of passes to its members. (He wanted a small safe for his office.) The first night found the firm and all its employees, with their female appendages, present. When the curtain rose in the third act of the melodrama, the safe, with its glaring sign, was the most prominent feature of the stage setting, and joy was depicted on the countenances of the vendors of that particular make. But this joy was but short-lived. The dialogue became ominous in its unmistakable suggestions of a burglary. It was evident, by the expressed and implied reliance placed upon the absolute security of the safe, that it was to prove no obstacle to the villain. The poor fellows in the audience, whose names, glaringly rubricated, stared every one in the face, began to get very uneasy. The play went on, and the whole audience was treated to the sight of the celebrated Blank Burglar-proof Safe broken open and rifled of its contents in forty seconds by the watch. The manager did not get his safe.

STRIPPED AND TIED TO A TREE.

Shocking Maltreatment of a Woman in the Woods Near Cohoes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a ghastly discovery made on July 13, in Lansing's Woods, near Cohoes, N. Y. Two boys, wandering through the woods, found an almost naked woman tied to a tree. Her hands were tied above her head, and she was stripped of every article of clothing except her undergarment, which was in shreds.

She was alive, but only half-conscious, and evidently suffering great agony. The boys were frightened and started to run away, but the woman revived, and by her agonized pleadings induced them to return and cut her down.

As soon as she was fully recovered, she was taken to the residence of Mr. Horace Dingley, about 300 yards from where her brutal assailant had bound and left her, where she was furnished with wearing apparel.

Her statement was to the effect that, on Saturday night, she was out watching for the return of her husband, who is a farmer by occupation, and was about 100 feet from the house, where she boarded with a man by the name of John Frazier, when she was accosted by a man, whom she at first thought was her husband, but who she now alleges was Frazier. She says that Frazier had something in a bottle and asked her to drink of it, assuring her that it was only ginger ale. Not anticipating any evil from the man, with whom she was well acquainted, she drank of what she supposed was harmless, but which proved a strong and quickly acting drug. She almost immediately became unconscious, and recovered only on the approach of the two boys, nearly sixteen hours afterward.

Frazier was arrested, but denied all knowledge of the affair. The woman is thirty-five years of age and her husband believes her story. Frazier is also married. That some one placed her in the position in which she was found there can be no doubt, as it would have been impossible for her to have done it herself, and the wounds around her wrists gave proof of the lingering torture that she must have endured.

DEEDS OF BAD MEN.

On July 3, midnight, a printer on the *Murray Eagle*, Idaho, asked editor Henry Bernard for his wages. The editor shot him dead.

Wm. Moore sold some Indians, at Pleasant Valley Junction, Utah, a mixture of glycerine, tobacco-juice, turpentine and alcohol, which he called whiskey. They all got very sick and the chief died. The Indians then told from whom they got the stuff, and Moore is now in the calaboose.

The body of Rev. John G. Semple, a Baptist minister, living ten miles east of Columbia, S. C., was found in an unfrequented patch of woods a few days since. The head was cut off, and the trunk buried in a shallow trench. John Terry, a negro, confessed the murder, and said he had been hired to do it by men who owed the parson money.

The daughter of Alex. Getz, of Dallas, Texas, was awakened on the night of July 10, by the novel sensation of a negro crawling into bed and snuggling beside her. She screamed, the negro leaped out of the window, and all the neighborhood started out with shot-guns to hunt niggers. They haven't bagged their game yet.

Pat Egan undertook a little joke at Parax City, Utah. He jocularly slapped a man named Murphy on the back and said: "Arrest you." Murphy wasn't the kind that can take a joke, so he turned about and shot the joker dead.

PROTECTION TO JOURNALISTS.

Richard K. Fox, the able editor of the *Police Gazette*, and many other publications of value and interest to the community, is exposing the doings of frauds and scoundrels in every station of life they may be moving in. He gave a history and portrait of one Patton. Patton had the impudence to sue Mr. Fox for \$2,000 damages. The jury heard his history, analyzed him up fully, decided he was all that Mr. Fox painted him—a dirty character, dismissed his suit, and saddled him with the costs, which he can't pay. Mr. Fox should push this rascal and make an example of him. It is such scamps that would try and give one a bad name. Live men should not be annoyed by such rascals who have nothing else to do.—From the *N. Y. Court Journal*.

THE ELECTRIC GIRL RACKET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The success of Lulu Hurst in wrecking umbrellas and billiard cues and in mopping the floor with athletes has started a new industry in the Bowery dives for the especial entertainment of the countrymen who always gravitate to that locality when they come to town for a lark. The girl with electric qualities plays the umbrella trick for all it is worth, nearly knocking out the yaboo, and always wrecking his umbrella. One peculiarity of these Bowery electric girls is, that their magnetism is so great that they always manage to draw every cent of their subject's money out of his pocket—often without his knowledge.

SHE THRASHED HER "PA."

A Cranky Young Woman Gets Square With the Old Man.

There is a nice and savory story agitating social and religious circles in Brooklyn—a locality from which the gossips draw much of their food. It is a story that has been long concealed, but it came out at last in this wise: On the afternoon of July 11 there was a young and handsome girl, stylishly dressed, went into a little cigar store at 547½ Grand street. There she met two young men with whom she conversed in an excited manner about a third party. This third party soon appeared at the cigar store as if by appointment. It was Mr. William Pearsall, a gray-haired man of highly respectable appearance, who resides at 236 South First street. On his appearance the young woman became greatly excited, and after upbraiding him in the most vigorous manner she snatched him with her clinched hand. Those present interposed and after an angry war of words Mr. Pearsall left the place.

While investigating the causes which led to this encounter between father and daughter a *World* reporter brought to light some remarkable developments—remarkable even in this city, where it is generally believed there could be found nothing really new in social complications.

The elements in this domestic drama cluster around the alleged acts of William Pearsall, an old resident of Williamsburgh, at one time a man of great wealth, and at present the owner of much real estate. The principal allegation is that many years ago, while married and living with his wife in Williamsburgh, he contracted an alliance with a pretty girl sixteen years old, and finally brought her under the same roof with his wife and children. The relations of husband and wife were maintained between Mr. Pearsall and his second choice until the latter's death, about twelve years ago. There were seven children, and Mrs. Phoebe S. Hammond, the wife of Samuel Hammond, until recently employed by Phelps, Dodge & Co., of this city, one of them, is the young woman who made the assault on her father. Mr. Pearsall says he was married to Phoebe's mother, and that all intercourse between the woman now known as his wife ceased after the marriage, but no one disputes the fact that both sets of children grew up under the same roof.

A *POLICE GAZETTE* reporter called on Mrs. Hammond to investigate the case which gave much promise of panning out rich. Mrs. Hammond is only nineteen years old and is of rather petite figure, with large, clear gray eyes which flashed defiantly at times and again became suffused with tears as she related with much feeling her extraordinary story.

"It has been stated by my father," she said, "that Mr. Hammond was not divorced from his first wife, Ida Jones, in New York before he married me. Now, I know that he obtained an absolute divorce in this city. My father has been persecuting me in this matter. He has been the cause of all my trouble, and through his conduct my husband was led to bring a suit for divorce against me. He could procure no evidence to sustain it, however, and it was not granted. I then obtained a separation and have not seen my husband since."

A SENSATIONAL DUEL IN PARIS.

The Friends of the Foes Get Up a Picnic on the Race-Track to Witness the Fight.

They are progressing in Paris. They have discovered how to utilize the sensational features of a fight. Duelists used to hide themselves away in remote places when they wanted to spit each other with their little rapiers. Now they have begun to make a show of their prowess. The show thus far has been a free one, but they will soon learn enough, probably, to "hire a hall" and soon in the gate money, and, perhaps, to exchange rapiers for hard gloves.

This is the way they report the new departure in dueling in the world's capital:

M. Lalou, of the newspaper, *Le France*, and M. Vell-Picard, of the *Paris*, had a growl and a challenge passed between them. It seems that there were present at the combat many friends of the principals and their seconds. The friends, whether they came through sympathy or out of curiosity, looked upon the affair as a picnic. Some, indeed, brought their lady friends. It was very pleasant. Every one knows that behind the stands at Longchamps runs the Seine. Already the combatants were in their places. Suddenly a mysterious person appears, rod in hand. He is an early fisherman. He announces that his wife is behind him; that she is very nervous, and that this tragic scene will cause her to faint. He is argued with. He begins to like the thing. So does his wife. Thus there are two more spectators. A cab goes by. Seeing such a company, its puzzled occupants tell the driver to approach. Total, six vehicles and quite forty people. The principals fight. There is an exciting moment. M. Lalou is wounded. The seconds sheathe the swords. Then there rush forward two policemen of the Bois de Boulogne, who seize some of the spectators, crying, "You shall not fight!" They were about to laugh when the policemen demanded their names. They vanish. The combatants and their seconds alone remain and refuse to give their names. They were brought to the police court and fined. That was paying dear for a little pleasure. As to the swords they are to be brought to the Museum of Cluny. Besides, they are very handsome, and they are weapons with a history. They belonged to M. Emmanuel Arene, and originally did service in the Judet duel.

MONTANA FESTIVITIES.

There was a lively fight on July 4 at Lewiston, seven miles from Cottonwood, Montana, in which three men were killed. Two desperadoes, known as "Rattlesnake Jake, the Terror of the West," and a partner named O'Fallon, attempted to clean out the town, the row commencing with some half-breeds. Both desperadoes were filled full of cold lead and killed, one being shot nine times before he stopped shooting. O'Fallon, after being shot through with a Winchester, fell from his horse and then raised himself, took deliberate aim and fatally shot a man named Smith, recently from Gallatin, who was trying to get away from the fracas, after O'Fallon was shot five times. They were hard cases, and believed to be members of a gang of horse-thieves which citizens of Meagher county are rapidly thinning out. It is rumored that seven horse-thieves have been killed and hanged within sixty miles of Cottonwood during the last thirty days.

The Parson's Dog at Prayers.

During the morning service in St. Jude's Episcopal church on Franklin street, Philadelphia, on Sunday, July 13, while the choir was singing and the summer breeze was sweeping in the open doors and windows, there was a scream from a lady seated near the door. She had seen a huge red-and-white setter dog with its tongue lolling far out of its mouth, running wildly up and down the vestibule.

Suddenly it stopped in the doorway and then made a dash up the aisle. In an instant half the congregation was upon its feet, and, some one suggesting mad dog, there was a scurry for the door. Still the choir kept on singing bravely, and the rector stood solemnly facing the altar. The dog had entered



BRADHURST SCHIEFFELIN,

A PROMINENT NEW YORK MERCHANT, HUSBAND OF THE SOCIETY LADY WHO IS ACCUSED OF BIGAMY.

at Mr. Graft's side, springing up at him every few seconds, and seeming rather delighted at the novelty of the situation. The terror which had at first seized the congregation changed to a sense of amusement when they grasped the turn of affairs, and as the dog pranced through the door leading to the vestry-room, those in the church were on a broad grin.

Ramscar's Little Beggars.

The public will remember the trouble there was some time back about the "Home" for little children, kept by a certain William H. Ramscar, at One Hundred and Fifty-third street and St. Nicholas avenue, in this city. There were accusations then that the proprietor half starved the poor little devils who fell into his clutches, and shared

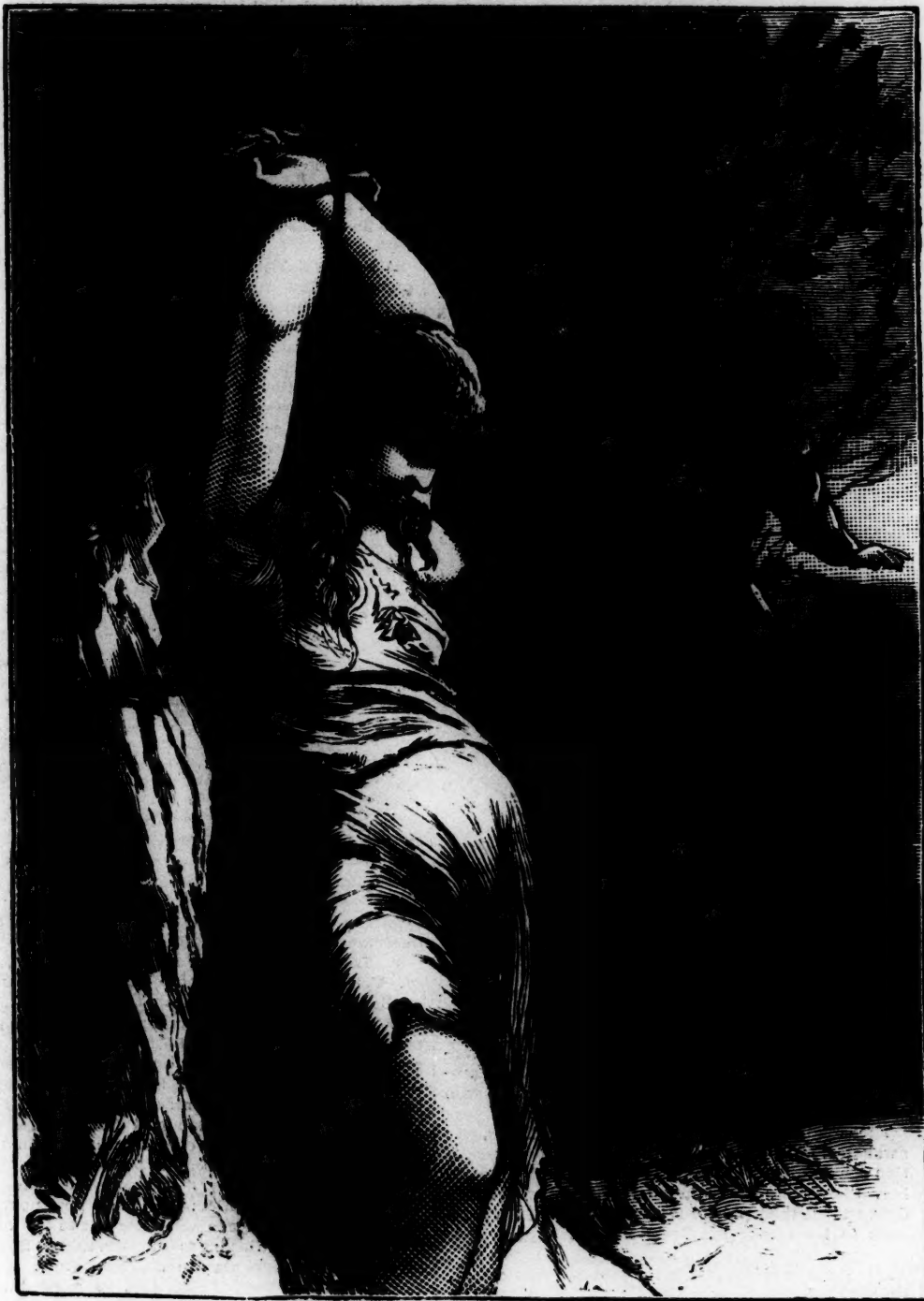


MRS. LUCY HEWITT-SCHIEFFELIN,

ARRESTED AT LONG BRANCH ON A CHARGE OF HAVING TOO MANY HUSBANDS.

A Milkmaid in Trousers.

A wealthy farmer in Rutherford county, Tenn., not long since was applied to by a good-looking lad for work, the boy saying that he preferred to drive a harvester or a wagon or do other light work about the farm. The applicant looked so delicate that the farmer refused the request, but gave the lad the name of a farmer in an adjoining county, who wanted a boy to milk cows. The situation was sought and the lad taken on trial. A week after the second farmer admitted to his friend that the new employee was a girl, but a good worker. Said he: "My wife told me she didn't think anybody else would ever find it out, and it was worth while taking the chances on it." The next day the milkmaid skipped with the farmer.



STRIPPED AND TIED TO A TREE.

THE STARTLING DISCOVERY MADE BY TWO BOYS IN A WOOD NEAR COHOES, N. Y.



THE PARSON'S DOG AT PRAYERS.

THE FRISKY ANIMAL ATTENDS THE SUNDAY SERVICE AND STAMPEDES THE CONGREGATION.



GEORGE HARRISON,

ALIAS AMOS BLEECKER, AN ACCOMPLISHED FORGER, NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

the chancel and was sniffing about among the choir stalls. Suddenly catching sight of the rector, it made a dash at him and sprang joyfully up against his surplice-clad figure, disarranging his stole, and paying no heed to his admonition, uttered in an undertone: "Down you brute, down!"

The choristers rather enjoyed it. They recognized the dog as belonging to the rector, who is fond of sport, and their singing was somewhat marred by their effort to suppress their laughter. Slowly the procession moved out of the sanctuary, out of the chancel and out of the auditorium, the dog following close



C. H. NEWMAN,

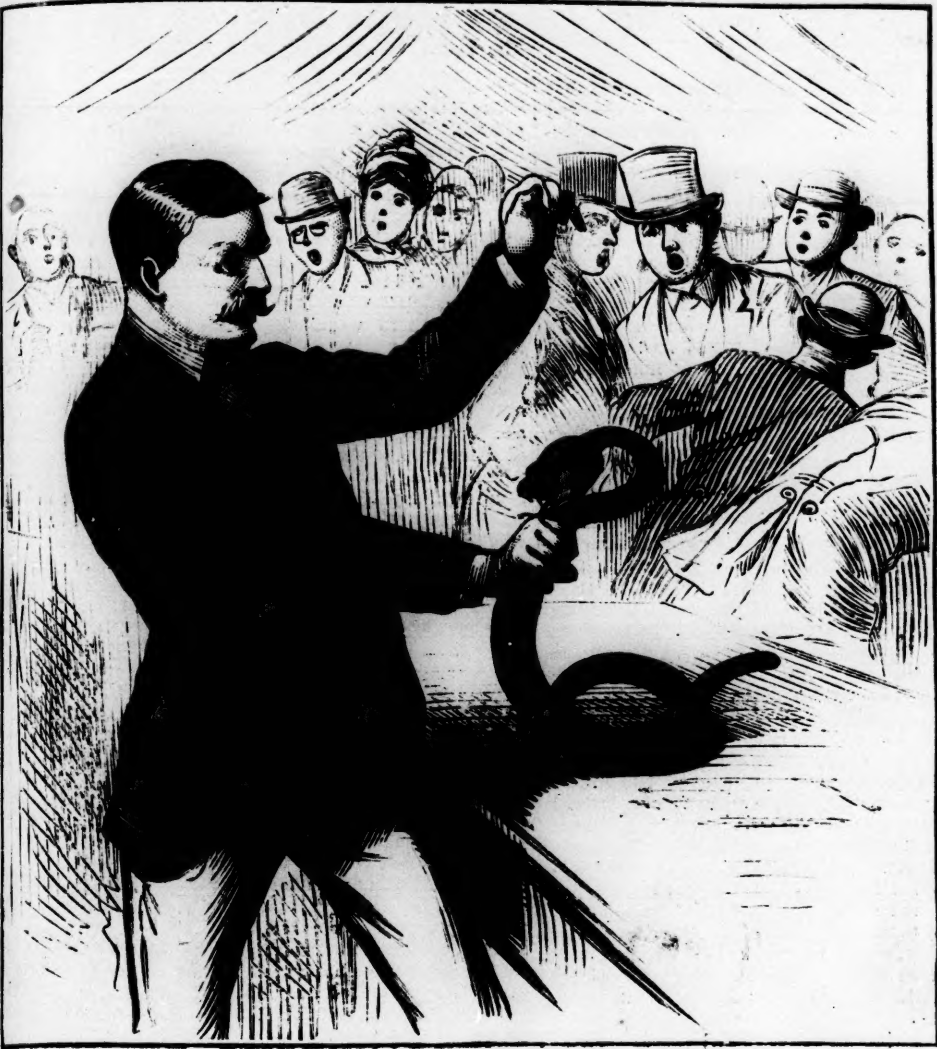
ALIAS PARKER, A NOTORIOUS WESTERN CONFIDENCE MAN ARRESTED BY NEW YORK DETECTIVES.

the comforts of his "home." On the 12th inst., he appeared in the Yorkville Police Court, with five of his small boys and two women, who proved to be nurses in his establishment. The children were found begging from door to door, the provisions they got were expected to fill the larder of Ramscar's institution. An attempt was made to prove that Ramscar sent the children out as mendicants, but the defense was that soliciting aid from charitable people for a benevolent institution was not begging within the meaning of the law. This was a poser for the Justice, so he reserved his decision.



W. H. RAMSCAR,

WHO SENDS OUT LITTLE BOY BEGGARS TO OBTAIN FOOD FOR HIS "HOME."



NOT DOWN ON THE BILLS.

HOW A CARELESS SHOWMAN MET HIS DEATH AT HIGH BRIDGE, N. Y., WHILE HANDLING A PET RATTLESNAKE.

A Woman's Vigorous Protest.

A dispatch from Powhatan, Ohio, states that the preliminary survey for a branch railroad through that place has been temporarily suspended, due to the energetic action of Mrs. Lavina Warren, through whose premises the line was intended to run. Mrs. Warren is well known throughout the State for the alleged killing of her husband some time ago, for which she has only lately been pardoned from the State Penitentiary at Columbus. Mrs. Warren was violently opposed to the line going

through her premises, and notified the County Commissioners a few days previous to the survey, that she would shoot any of the party who trespassed on her land. No attention was paid to her threats, and on July 11 the surveyors, accompanied by Major Mitchell, the County Surveyor, and Hon. J. W. Shannon, of St. Clairville, one of the company's attorneys, started the line.

Mrs. Warren procured a double-barrel breech-loading shotgun, and as the party reached her fences she took aim from a clump of bushes at Mr. Shannon, who was climbing over the fence,

and fired. The charge took off the top of the gentleman's hat, and he with the remainder of the party took to their heels with Mrs. Warren in hot pursuit. She made for Shannon and ran like a deer. Nearing him she suddenly stopped and blazed away again. An unseen ditch upset Shannon's equanimity and also saved his life. He crawled out, mud up to the neck, and made away as fast as possible to Powhatan, where the rest of the party had preceded him. Mrs. Warren has all the captured apparatus in her possession. No one has called for them.

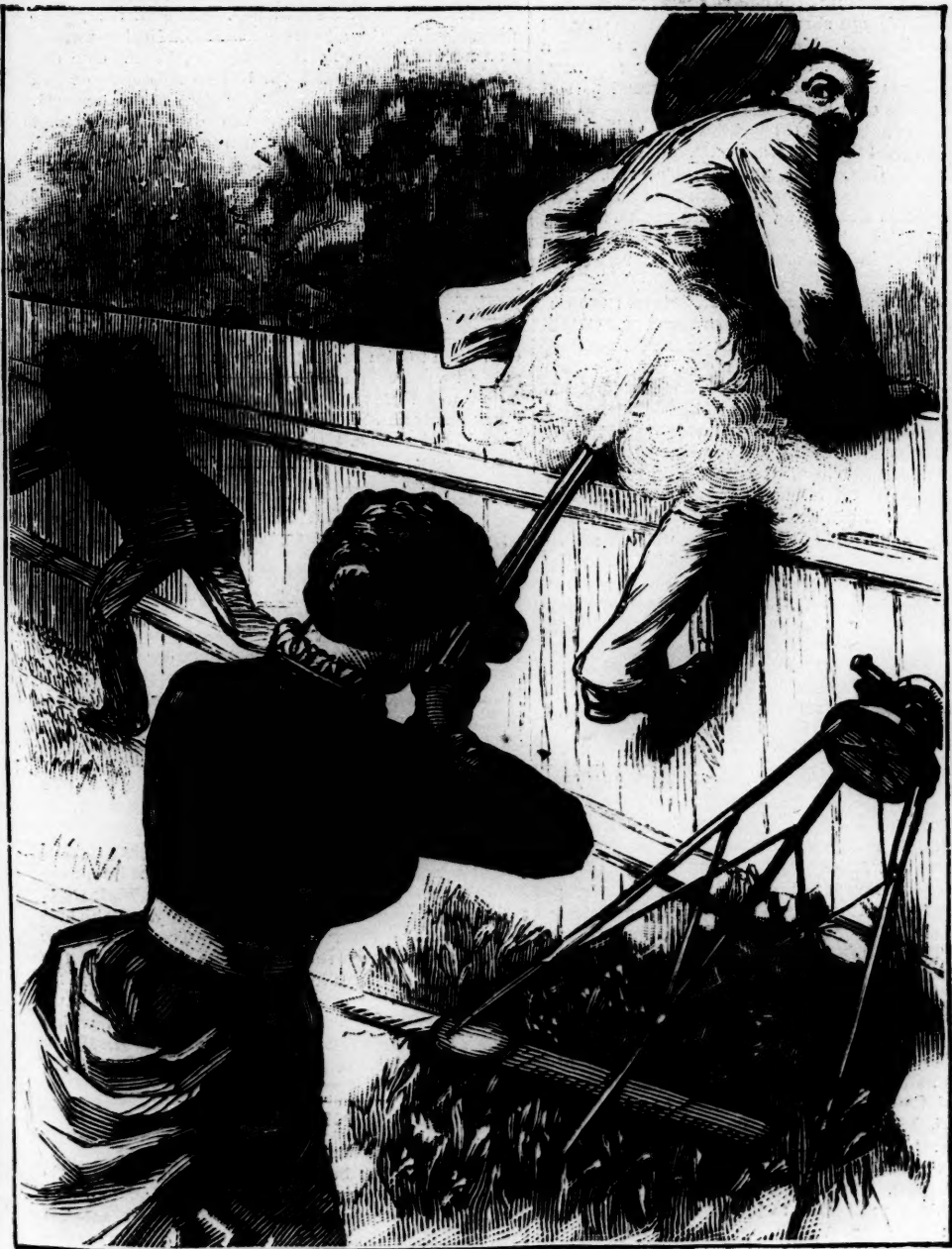
Enterprise in Thievery.

The thief of the period is fully up with the age we live in, and the detectives have just to get up and hump themselves to keep the pace with the crooks. For instance. There was the baggage-master at Crestline, the other day, thought he could carry a satchel with treasure belonging to the company, and yet wheel a truck down the platform. When he had gone twenty feet he found that a thief had cut the satchel-strap and got away with the boodle without a soul seeing him.



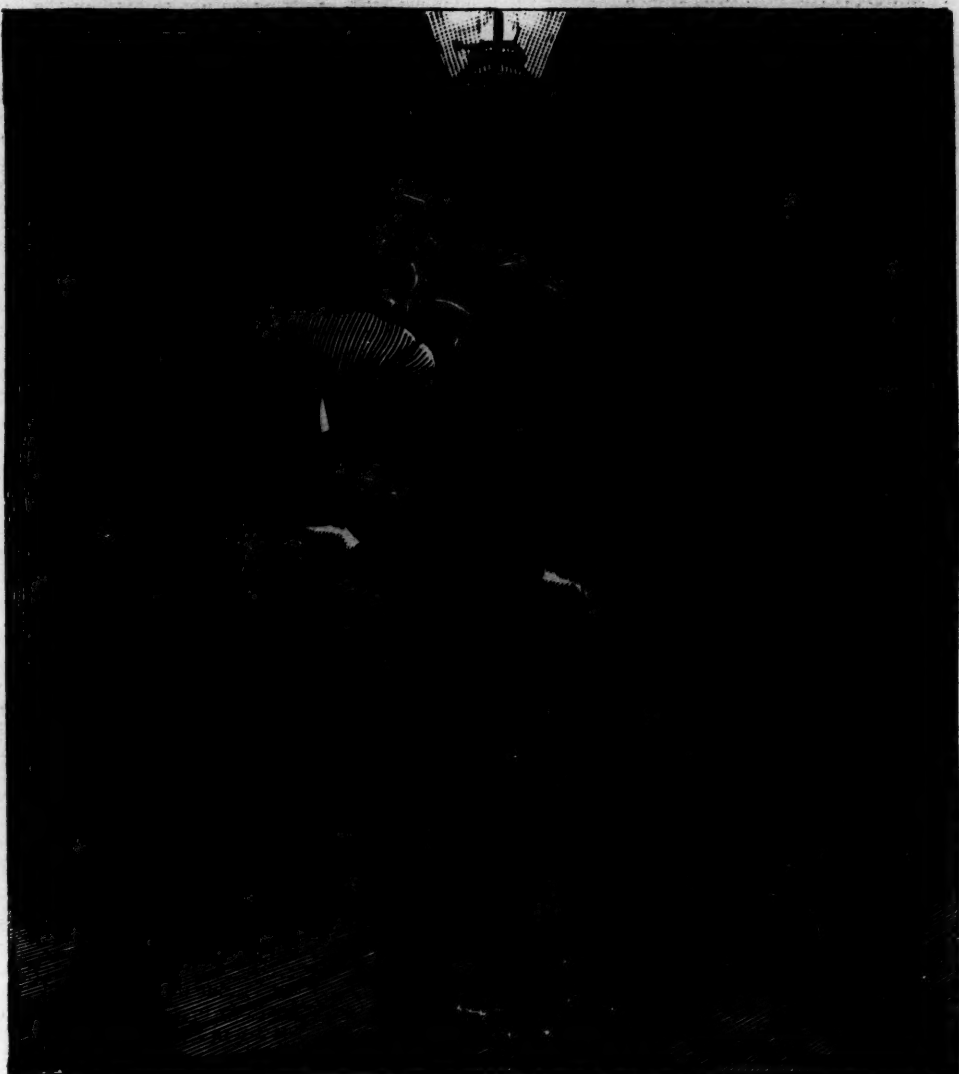
A GIRL WHO CAN'T BE HUGGED.

MARY WARNER'S BEAU UNDERTAKES AN EMBRACE, AT HOPKINSVILLE, CONN., AND IS STABBED WITH FIFTY NEEDLES.



A WOMAN'S VIGOROUS PROTEST.

HOW MRS. WARREN, OF POWHATAN, OHIO, WHO OBJECTED TO A RAILROAD RUNNING THROUGH HER PROPERTY, ROUTED THE SURVEYORS.



ROBBING THE BAGGAGE-MASTER.

AN ADROIT THIEF STEALS THE WALLET CONTAINING MONEY ORDERS FROM THE BAGGAGE-MASTER AT A COUNTRY STATION.

THE BROADWAY ROUNDER.

No. X.

Summer Board and Boarders.

A COUNTRY LIFE WHICH IS NOT ALWAYS RURALLY INNOCENT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

It is a fact universally recognized by the fellows who deal in natural history, both wholesale and retail, that the first bull-frog and the first country landlord come out of their hibernation together. They are uncommonly alike, too, are the first bull-frog and the first country landlord of the season. As soon as the leaves begin to fall every autumn, they both disappear. Persons who insist that they know what they are talking about, declare that the bull-frog, as soon as the temperature reaches 40, takes a header into a bed of soft mud, pulls it over him like a counterpane and turns in for a five or six months' nap, like the sensible amphibian that he is.

But I have never met anybody as yet who can offer any reasonable or even plausible theory to account for the disappearance of the country landlord. About the time the bull-frog begins to go easy on his "ker-chugging," the country landlord commences to draw in his lines and pull up his advertisements—just as the shad fishermen pull up their stakes. Bestops heaping perjury after perjury upon his soul, and turns a sudden corner on his romantic descriptions of the Utopia which, when you get there after a tiresome railroad journey, usually turns out to be a second Sodom and Gomorrah in discomfort and sandiness, and heat, and fleas, and venerable ruins, and all that sort of thing. And as soon as the bull-frog takes his header at the end of his season, the country landlord, in a sense, goes and does likewise.

But where does he go? What becomes of him during the winter? Into what dark and mysterious cavern does he retire with his booty and count his ill-gotten gains as he stocks out his campaign for the succeeding year? These are questions, burning questions which no living observer has ever been able to solve.

It is true that one bold theorist declares that country landlords, at the end of the season, retire into the profoundest depths of their coal-cellar, and devote the entire winter to insensibility and recuperation. In fact one man, who is occasionally believed by his more sanguine friends, vows that he found a whole colony of hibernating landlords in a Connecticut valley village, who were propped up behind their doors like so many abandoned umbrellas, waiting to open at the first genial breath of spring.

But somehow, the tale strikes me as being a trifle indigestible.

Still, lives there the man who, during the winter months ever got a glimpse, by hook or by crook, of the weird and mysterious being, on whom he depended all summer for three scanty meals a day? I trow not.

Which reminds me that only three days ago I ran across an old gentleman who, last July, gave a zest and a plausibility to a tableau of contemporaneous human interest of the real character and quality, of which he hasn't the faintest idea even at this late day.

This is how it happened. I was stopping for a couple of weeks at "a farmhouse" in a picturesque village of Long Island. At all events, that was what the "farmer's" advertisement called it. How his exuberant fancy ever mistook the place for a "farm-house" I could never discover. There wasn't a single implement or utensil on the place to warrant the title. It only took me one day to discover that the only agricultural work done by the "farmer" was a diligent and unceasing attempt to raise the wind.

The "farm-house" was a tumble-down old rookery in the middle of a wasp-ridden orchard on the shore of an immense mud-pond, which seemed to breed frogs, tarantulas, turtles, in mosquitoes and malaria by spontaneous generation. The same poetic license which called the rookery a "farm-house" called the pond a "lake" and the orchard "extensive grounds." If he had thought of it the "farmer" would not have shrunk from putting the wasps, frogs and mosquitoes down as "game."

The flaming advertisement of the "farmer" attracted quite a crowd of boarders, who, when they got over their first disgust and disappointment, concluded usually that they would see it through rather than incur the ridicule and contumely of their acquaintances by confessing that they had been swindled.

In any other country, and with dupes less patient and philosophical than the long-suffering American, the "farmer's" career of financial agriculture would have been soon cut short, and he would have bent his undoubted talents to the more appropriate work of breaking stone on the highway.

About twenty-three or twenty-four of us were crowded into the dismal cells of this hot, close, suffocating penitentiary. A goodly number were the wives of city clerks—giddy, reckless and venturesome creatures, whose husbands came down on Saturday nights and after spending Sunday with them went back to town on Monday and left them to their own devices for the next six days.

Two of us—bear with me while I confess it—were cheap duds. The dudier of the pair was a sweet young thing who got two weeks holiday every summer on full pay. From the dimensions of his expenditures I fear that the full pay amounted to about ten dollars. He paid the Gebbards and the Cuttings and the other swell duds the compliment of dressing in exact imitation of their style. But his clothes were ready-made and had an air of unspeakable "vulgarity" and inexpensiveness compared with those of the golden youth, his patterns and models. His trousers were so tight that you could watch the play of the buttons on his knees and take notice of the cordage in his off leg. His collar was so high and so stiff that, at times, his head disappeared behind it, and he went round looking for all the world as if he had been decapitated.

His manners and his way of speaking used to inspire the wholesome and properly-constituted gentlemen

boarding in the "farm-house" with an almost invincible desire to take him unawares, carry him down to the mud-pond and immerse him for a century or two in its oozy bed.

But somehow nobody ever carried out the scheme to bring him to a violent end.

Two others of us were husband and wife. He was an addle-pated old buffer who never mustered up sufficient courage to propose to a woman until he was forty years of age, and then he offered himself to a lady who exhibited such a rapturous alacrity in accepting him as would have scared off any less simple, not to say imbecile, suitor.

This was their honeymoon and I took it in with all the proud consciousness and satisfaction of the man who has had his hat chalked to the show. A droller spectacle than they afforded, when they were billing and cooing, the eyes of mortal man never fell upon. He was a short, stout, florid-faced man, with ginger-red whiskers, a big mouth, a juicy nose, and eyes which stared out of his head like those of a more than usually startled lobster.

She was quite pretty and had been a school-teacher. A lady who had known them in New York declared that she was a notorious flirt before her marriage, and had got hold of the red-faced one for his money and for nothing else. In his presence she was certainly as demure and affectionate as he could wish; but when he was in town or on one of his fishing excursions it grieved me to observe that her sense of propriety was not quite as acute as it ought to have been.

I have alluded to the husband as being prone to go on fishing excursions. It was his one great fable and though I can't recall ever seeing him with even so little as a bullhead or a sucker hanging from his string, he was none the less eager to spend his holidays in the fleshless quest.

The "lake" was his chief objective point. As I have said before, in any less advanced and imaginative community it would have been called a mud-pond. But our "farmer" landlord not only insisted that it compared favorably with Lake George or Killarney or Windermere, but went further and declared that it fairly brimmed over with fish. I am not sure that he did not include whales and sharks among the inmates of that great malarious puddle. Trout, anyhow, were abundant there, and as for perch and pickerel, the coffee colored water positively seethed with them to hear him talk.

I made several attempts to prove his truthfulness in this particular, and I need not say that they were all failures. Mud-turtles there were, and leeches there were, and other creepy and crawly things which it gave you goose flesh to look at—but I will stake all I am worth in this world and the next, that there was absolutely nothing else in the "lake"—except miasmatic germs, which, as everybody knows, are not visible to the naked eye.

In spite of the barrenness of the pond Mr. Jeezewax, as we will call him, was never so happy as when whipping it with a salmon fly dangling from one of the most expensive rods ever made in New York. He would get up at daybreak, array himself in the most fearful and wonderful garments ever worn by mortal angler, fill his pockets with cigars, replenish his brandy-bag, and then start out to the upper end of the "lake," where he would spend the entire day feeding a choice assortment of bull-frogs and mud-turtles with bait of fabulous value.

When he came home at sunset his romances were something marvelous. To believe him, he did nothing but hook scaly monsters of such size that his line wouldn't hold them, and he was perpetually "going back to-morrow" with a fresh gut to make sure of the mythical trout or pickerel which had proved too powerful for his tackle.

One day old Jeezewax wore a look of the profoundest mystery. I pressed him to confess what it was that weighed upon his mind, until, in the strictest confidence, he told me that he had discovered a hole in the bank of the "lake" which was tenanted by a black bass of prodigious size—a finny Jumbo whom it would be the crowning triumph of an angler's life to gut and hold upon his hook. Begging me not to disclose the momentous secret he bundled his rod and gaff and landing net under his arm, slung his basket over his shoulder, kissed his wife with his usual ardor and was soon lost to view behind a rank hedge that skirted the "lake."

He had been gone about an hour, when, as I sat upon the piazza, I observed the cheap dude, to whom reference has already been made, slinking down the gravel walk in the direction of the big tumble-down barn, in which the "farmer" kept his blind horse and crippled cow. The fellow's manner struck me as being furtive and apprehensive, and I kept my eye on the barn to see what followed.

In another minute I was rewarded for my patience, for Mrs. Jeezewax nimbly and daintily tripped down stairs, and taking from the ancient hat-rack in the hall a bright blue sun-bonnet, the property and house-flag, so to speak, of a blither old maid who was one of our fellow-boarders, put it on her own glossy head, and then stepped out of the back door also.

Utterly unconscious that I was watching her movements, with quick, unaltering steps she sped in the direction whither the cheap dude had a minute or two ago preceded her.

I could not help a cynical chuckle as I saw her disappear behind the crumbling barn. Thought I to myself, "Dear madam, if your fond and faithful spouse could only see you now, what a finish to his fishing it would be!"

Thus remembering poor old Jeezewax and his newly-discovered lair of black bass, it occurred to me that, having nothing better to do, I would pay him a visit at his lonely and sun-scorched post and see how he was getting along.

A five minutes' brisk walk brought me to his new "corner." There he stood, his handkerchief tied round his hat, his rod in his hand and a perfect halo of black flies and mosquitoes circling round and round his crimson face. As I drew near him I observed that a broad grin expanded his always extensive and capacious mouth, and that his lobster eyes were fixed upon a little clump of bushes.

"Ah!" he whispered, as I drew near. "Gently! gently! or you'll spoil the fun!"

"Fun!" I replied, with equal caution. "What fun?"

"Hold on!" and beckoning to me to approach on tip-toe, he peered over the fence-rail and grinned again, as he watched the mysterious bush.

"What is it?" said I, as soon as I was by his side.

"Look!" he exclaimed, effervescing with hilarity and delight. "Look, and see for yourself!"

I did.

Just the other side of the bush, and apparently unconscious of the fact that they were watched, sat the cheap dude and Mrs. Jeezewax. The cheap dude's

face and the back of Mrs. Jeezewax were turned toward us.

A cold perspiration broke out over my forehead.

"Who are they?" I gasped.

"Why, it's that sour old hen, Miss Dorking, and that infernal idiot, Slobberington. See! See! I'll be hanged if he didn't kiss her—and by Jove! there she is returning it with interest!"

"Are you sure it's Miss Dorking?" I ventured to inquire.

"Of course it's Miss Dorking. Can't you see her famous blue sun-bonnet? Well! Well! Well! The idea of that old fogey, who looks as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, carrying on in that disgraceful manner with a boy young enough to be her son. Good Lord! There! Look! I'll be dod-gasted if she isn't lying flat on the ground with her head in his lap! I'd give a thousand dollars to see her face. Just imagine the expression of yearning, undying love it must have!"

I trembled to hear him, and I trembled still more as I saw the doomed woman turn on her back so that in another moment she would expose her face and reveal her identity.

"By Jingo!" he whispered. "See! She's going to get up—"

As I turned in horror, my eyes fell upon an immense black bull-dog with a spiked collar and a mouth that seemed as deep and dark as the pit of perdition. It stood so close behind poor Jeezewax that I fancied he must feel the brute's hot breath on the back of his pantaloons. But his eyes were fixed eagerly on the couple the other side of the "lake." In another instant would occur the catastrophe.

It did.

With a roar like thunder and a hiss like a steam-engine, the black bull-dog sprang at the wretched Jeezewax and grabbed him like a vise. His frantic yell, as he turned to shake the monster off, alarmed the wicked couple across the way, who sprang to their feet and rushed off in different directions.

As soon as we had extricated him from the bull-dog, Jeezewax called for his bill, packed his trunks and went back to town vowing that he had had enough rustic felicity to satisfy him for his lifetime.

And no doubt, on the way up, he found some consolation for his wounds in telling his wife the incredible story of Miss Dorking's amorous adventures with Mr. Slobberington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIDING TO DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The usual big Saturday crowd gathered at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, on July 12. Trains and boats brought hosts of people to enjoy the races. There were spirited contests, and all was merriment and enjoyment until the closing race, when a sad accident cast a gloom over the spectators.

The last race of the day was on—a handicap steeple-chase over the full course. Eight jumpers, their glossy coats gleaming in the sunlight and their jockeys sporting brilliant colors, had started. Response led gallantly until he reached the water-jump the first time around.

"Response has bolted," shouted an excited man, who intently watched the race through a huge pair of field-glasses.

So he had. Although his jockey brought him well up to the big jump, the horse was coward enough to refuse, and bolted out of the course. Wooster and Kate Cronin, the two favorites in the race, were running head and head, when Response, spurred by his rider, madly rushed into the course again, and collided with them. Women shrieked with fear, men shouted through excitement. Kate Cronin turned almost a complete somersault, and landed head foremost, breaking her neck, while Wooster seemed to roll again and again over his prostrate jockey.

The race swept by, and the jockeys had scarcely recovered their feet when another yell, louder, if possible, than the first, went up. Chipola, ridden by Guerin, was doing her utmost to catch the two leaders, Tom Naven and Bonalretta, when she neared the last hurdle.

"Come up, my lady," shouted Guerin, lifting her for the jump.

The mare made a desperate effort, but was too exhausted. Man and mare went down together. Chipola had run her last race; her neck was also broken, while poor Guerin lay there motionless, his face fractured and his arm, that had so often guided his mount to victory, hanging fractured by his side.

Still the other jockeys could not stop to aid their fallen comrade. With whip and spur they hurried on and Bonalretta won the fatal race by a neck in 5:03. Tom Naven second, ten lengths in front of Abraham.

Tender hands that, though rough, were loving, picked Guerin up, and a little brandy was forced between his clenched teeth. Blood trickled from his mouth and painful groans were the only evidence of the struggle for life. A physician who was summoned pronounced Guerin's injuries to be necessarily fatal, for beside the fractures of the jaw and arm he was suffering from shock and from internal injuries. He was taken to the club-house and every attention showered on him, but there is little hope of his recovery.

"TO DO GOOD AND DISTRIBUTE—FORGET NOT!"

In the fierce heat of noonday, at New Orleans, La., on Tuesday, June 17, as usual, Gen's G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va., met to aid that most meritorious institution—the ancient "Charity Hospital"—by giving away at the Grand Golden Drawing (the 169th monthly) of the Louisiana State Lottery. The wheel, whirled around and scattered over half a million of dollars right and left. Without particularizing too many of the winners to become tedious, we report that ticket No. 86,440 drew the First Capital prize of \$150,000. It was sold in halves, one of which fell to a lucky New Yorker, who has not allowed his name to be used. Ticket No. 53,770 drew the Second Capital of \$50,000, one half of which was held by S. M. Rothschild, a merchant of No. 232 Church street, New York city. Ticket No. 27,870 drew the Third Capital of \$20,000; it was sold in tenths, one to Mr. D. Geo. Henkels, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, Pa.; another to Mr. Chas. Clarke, of the same city; another to A. F. Badlam, collected through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, Cal.; another to Phil. G. Gruber, Milwaukee, Wis. Nos. 11,181 and 41,309 drew the Fourth Capital of \$10,000 each; sold in fractions, one-fifth to Wm. Boyd, No. 3,122 School street, St. Louis, Mo.; Nos. 17,232, 66,114, 73,360, 80,681, drew \$5,000 each, and so it went on.—New York Times.

KENO STRIKES LONDON.

The Young Bloods Going Dead Broke on the Fascinating Yankee Game.

The English are becoming more and more Americanized. That is, we have begun at last to pay them off for many of their vices which have been ingrafted on our social life by some of ours in return. First, we worked in poker on them, and now keno has just made its appearance in London. The verdant editor of the *Full Mall Gazette*, speaking of this new importation from Yankee land, says naively:

"We walked toward the Tottenham Court road, that I might catch the 'bus. Too late, however, the last one had gone; there was nothing for me then but to make up my mind to invest half a dollar on a cab. My companion suggested I should go in with him to his club for half an hour. Agreed. I entered, no questions asked; I suppose the fact of my being in a member's company was sufficient. He opened a door and ushered me in, and the first exclamation I heard was 'Keno' and a grunt of satisfaction. Silver was rapidly counted and passed along to this individual. I was considerably taken aback at the business air of the whole concern. Seated at a table covered in green cloth, and not unlike a converted billiard-table, were some twenty-five or thirty men, each intently scanning four or five cards bearing a number of printed figures. The croupier, banker, or whatever he may be termed, stood at the end of the table facing the company and rapidly revolving a box not unlike a miniature washing machine. At each revolution he released an ivory or bone ticket bearing a number, which he quickly called aloud and placed upon an index or tablet also in front of him.

"The gamblers being armed or provided with any number of those printed cards, for each one of which they have to pay 3d. to the proprietor, are also supplied with a quantity of red counters. The cards, all bearing different series of figures, are rapidly scanned by the holders, and as a number is called by the man in charge, banker or whatever he may be, a corresponding number is covered on the card with a counter, until such time as one of the card-holder's covers five figures in a horizontal position or across the card, when he immediately calls 'Keno.' His numbers are checked, and found to correspond with the banker's, and the pool becomes his. One I noticed more particularly seemed to be doing very well in offering short odds, and thus playing his own little game very well, indeed, his exclamation every now and again, in a kind of bastard Yankee twang, being 'Go on with the music.' My friend, in less than a quarter of an hour, dropped 6s., although I was given to understand they were only allowed 1s. stakes. Having no more silver he rose from the table; he declined the change of a £10 note, which two or three offered to supply. It was now getting on for 1 o'clock, Monday morning. We adjourned to the refreshment bar and had a couple of liquors. Some of the members were lying about asleep in the gaming-room, having, I supposed, been hit hard by the latest American importation, keno, and who had, apparently, no other place to lay their heads than this."

We'll give them bunco next. Then we'll be getting something like square for the dude noblemen, the vile actors, and the imitation English humbists they have afflicted us with.

HE CAUGHT A NEEDLE GIRL.

Mary's Beau Takes a Little Hug and Gets Stabbed.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Talk about your electric girl. Here's a daisy who discounts her. Ten years ago, Mary Wilkins worked in a needle factory in Hopkinton, Conn. One day she carelessly stepped on a bed of needles, and full four dozen of them ran into her feet and disappeared. The feet healed soon after vain attempts to extract some of the needles, and she walked as well as ever. No one knew where the needles had gone, and after a time they were forgotten. They were all there though, and manifested themselves in due time, most disastrously. Mary had "steady company," and last Sunday evening for the first time he undertook to give her a hug and a kiss. Under the pressure about twenty needles darted out of her tender flesh and penetrated Charles, who alarmed the house at midnight, by yelling, "I'm stabbed." When the facts of the case were explained to him he broke off the match. He wasn't going to marry any girl who projected needles at a fellow when he undertook to hug her. Now, when Mary wants a needle, all she has got to do is to squeeze herself, but she can't get any of the young men to do the hugging. That's the kind of girl you can't go fooling around.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN.

Speaking of the recent failure of the Hot Springs, Ark., National Bank, a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, says:

"Owney Geoghegan, who gained great notoriety as the keeper of a saloon in New York city, after giving up the business in New York drifted to California, but receiving a stroke of paralysis he came to Hot Springs. He can be seen on the street daily, with one arm hanging helplessly by his side, and one side of his face drawn up, from his illness. He has a servant with him constantly. The servant carries a little army stool, and at every corner Owney sits down to take a rest. He is pointed out many times, and some people think it a treat to see the real Owney Geoghegan.

When he arrived at Hot Springs Geoghegan had \$30,000 in registered bonds with him. These he put in Bruin's bank for safe-keeping. When the bank went up Owney at once consulted an attorney as to the best steps to take to recover his bonds. The attorney, he says, agreed to get the documents for \$25. In the meantime Geoghegan learned that there would be no trouble in getting his bonds, and the other bank agreed to send over and get them for nothing, which it did. The lawyer then sued Owney for \$1,000, and attached the bonds at the surviving bank. The case is pending.

POOR THINGS!

[Subject of Illustration.]

The weather has been cruelly unkind to the girls who disport at Coney Island on Sundays. Their best costumes have been ruined and their best mashes driven away at the very critical point on two successive Sundays by drenching and alarming thunderstorms. Love can't grow nor flirtation subsist in sheets of rain; and Cupid gets scared amid forked lightnings and cyclones. Therefore, the poor girls have to reef their skirts and scud away to their city harbor. They've had a bad season of it, all told, at the Island thus far during the summer. Poor things!

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Lieut. Greely and Six of His Men
Rescued in the Polar Seas.The Relief Expedition Meets the Sur-
vivors Staggering Homeward in
Great Distress from their Plight.

Another cry of joy comes from the dark circle of the frozen pole. The Greely relief expedition steamers, the Bear, the Thetis and the Loch Garry, arrived at St. John's, N. F., on July 17, with the survivors of the missing Arctic expedition on board. The party when it started four years ago comprised twenty-two infantry soldiers and officers whose ambition was to vie with Lieut. Schwatka, the cavalry officer, who made a tour of the icy regions and came back safe and sound with a wealth of meteorological lore and polar erudition.

Of this Greely party the relief expedition brings back only seven survivors. These are: Lieutenant Greely, Sergeant Brainard, Sergeant Fredericks, Sergeant Long, Sergeant Ellison, Hospital Steward Belberbeck and Private Connell. (Sergeant Ellison was very much prostrated and badly frost-bitten when found, and died at Godhaven on the 6th of July, after undergoing a surgical operation.)

They were found in a suffering condition on June 22 of this year, near the mouth of Smith's Sound, having conducted their weary march with infinite effort and great suffering thus far toward home, their comrades dropping and perishing by the way as De Long's men had on their similar struggle to release themselves from the grip of the ice monster of the North. The party as it started out was as follows:

Adolphus W. Greely, first lieutenant Fifth cavalry, acting signal officer and assistant; married; wife's present residence, San Diego, Cal.

Frederick F. Klingensbury, second lieutenant Eleventh infantry, acting signal officer; widower; two children.

James B. Lockwood, first lieutenant Twenty-third infantry, acting signal officer; Washington, D. C.; unmarried; is a son of Gen. Lockwood (retired), U. S. A.

Dr. Octave Pavy, medical officer; married; wife's address, Maryville, Nodaway county, Mo.

Edward Israel, sergeant signal corps; Kalamazoo, Mich.; unmarried; born at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Winfield S. Jewell, sergeant signal corps; unmarried; born at Lisbon, N. H.

George W. Rice, sergeant signal corps; Washington, D. C.; unmarried; born at Sidney, Nova Scotia.

David C. Ralston, sergeant signal corps; unmarried; born at Bloomfield, Ohio.

Hampden S. Gardiner, sergeant signal corps; Philadelphia, Pa.; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa.

William H. Cross, sergeant general service, Washington, D. C.; married; born at Washington, D. C.

David L. Brainard, sergeant Company L, Second cavalry, enlisted at New York city; born at Oswego county, N. Y.

David Linn, sergeant Company C, Second cavalry, enlisted at Philadelphia, Pa.; born at Philadelphia, Pa.

Nicholas Nalor, captain Company H, Second cavalry, enlisted at Cincinnati, Ohio; unmarried; born at Luxembourg, Germany.

Joseph Ellison, captain Company E, Tenth infantry, enlisted at Fort Wayne, Mich.; born in Germany.

Charles B. Henry, private Company E, Fifth cavalry, enlisted at Cincinnati, Ohio; born in Hanover, Germany.

Maurice Connell, private Company B, Third cavalry, enlisted at camp on Goose Creek, W. Y.; born in Kerry, Ireland.

Jacob Bender, private Company F, Ninth infantry, enlisted at Omaha Barracks, Neb.; born in Friedberg, Germany.

William Whishler, private Company F, Ninth infantry, enlisted at Omaha Barracks, Neb.; born in Carroll county, Ind.; his father's address is Monon, Ind.

Henry Belberbeck, private Company G, Seventeenth infantry, enlisted at Cincinnati, Ohio; born in Waldeck, Germany.

Julius Fredericks, private Company L, Second cavalry, enlisted at Cleveland, Ohio; unmarried; born in Dayton, Ohio.

William A. Ellis, private Company C, Second cavalry, enlisted at New York city; born in Seneca Falls, N. Y.

R. R. Schneider, private Company A, First artillery, enlisted at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor; born in Chemnitz, Germany.

Francis Long, private Company F, Ninth infantry, enlisted at Omaha Barracks, Neb.; born in Wurtemberg, Germany.

On June 21, 1890, Lieutenant A. W. Greely sailed from Washington with the intention of establishing a station in Grant Land, latitude 82 degrees north. From this depot, as a base of supplies, parties were to make explorations further north. He landed on the 14th of August, 1891, from the steamer Proteus, at Discovery Harbor, Lady Franklin Bay, with a party of two officers and twenty-two men, and provisions for about four years. The vessel which transported him there returned August 25, 1891, and since then no news has been received from him till to-day. A supply expedition was sent out by the War Department in 1892, but found the entrance to Smith Sound blocked by ice, and failed to reach him. In 1893 the Proteus attempted it again, but was crushed in the ice at the entrance to Smith Sound. The recent expedition consisted of three vessels. The steamer Thetis, the flagship of the expedition, Commander W. S. Sciley, commander. The Bear, Lieutenant W. H. Emory, commander, and the war-sloop Alert, presented by the British Government, George W. Coffin, commander.

The survivors were frantic with delight when they discovered their rescuers approaching, but were so weak that they could make but feeble efforts to attract attention. The expedition arrived in the very nick of time, and was conducted with a courage and enterprise which alone accomplished the favorable results reported in these columns.

Lieut. Greely has an excellent record as an army officer. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., March 27, 1814. He is not a graduate of the military academy. He joined the army at the beginning of the rebellion as a private soldier and won his way. On March 18, 1863, he was made second lieutenant and in April the following year he became first lieutenant. He was

brevetted major March 13, 1865, for "faithful and meritorious service." He was made captain of the Eighty-first colored infantry April 4, 1865, and in March, 1867, was honorably mustered out. Upon the reorganization in 1869 he was assigned to the Fifth cavalry and became first lieutenant in 1873, which is his present rank.

The survivors have a tale of terror to relate that equals the sad story of De Long.

A DAKOTA "ARGUMENT."

How the Neighbors of the Ward Brothers Settled
a Real Estate Question.

They are enjoying, at Grand Forks, D. T., what they call a sensational murder trial. It is of the hair-raising order of horror, of course, to have any effect on the copper-sheathed emotions of that wild locality. Four distinguished citizens figure as the defendants. These are Col. Uhlirne Young Farlington, son of Col. Farlington, of St. Paul; B. W. Lair, of Devil's Lake; a man named Bell, and one Turpin, who are accused of slaughtering the Ward brothers. Charles Ward, aged twenty-five, and Frederick Ward, aged thirty, sons of Dr. E. P. Ward, of J. V. Farwell & Co., Chicago, were, in April, 1893, managers of the town site of Bartlett, D. T., and had a few days before their death built a shack on a valuable claim between Devil's Lake and Creel City, on which one John Bell, a liveryman in Devil's Lake, formerly of St. Paul, Minn., also had a shack. The night of April 23 they, with one Elliott, occupied the shack, and were attacked by a night party. The Wards were ordered off, and they refused. The shack was riddled with bullets, and Fred. was shot down inside. Elliott and Charles Ward ran out, Charles falling with several mortal wounds. Elliott was permitted to escape after a severe beating. Fred. was dragged out and the shack rifled. Their bodies were found exposed on the prairie the next day.

A not unexpected sensation was the testimony of Dick Turpin, one of the defendants, who turned State's evidence. Turpin was produced, and the indictments were both dismissed against him, and he testified in substance as follows:

That on the night in question, Uhlirne gave him a shotgun. Farlington got the team, and they all drove down to Leopold's and got him, with the determination of putting the Wards out of the claim. Bell Lair had a rifle at Ward's back. Bell called Ward out and Fred came to the door. Bell pulled him out and struck him. They scuffled around. Turpin saw Fred. draw his revolver, and then Turpin shot Fred., who ran away to the shack, leaned against it and fell down. The rest opened fire on the shack. Charles cried out:

"I give up!"

He and Elliott then ran out, and some of them followed Elliott. Charles ran by him within two yards, and toward Bell's shack. When he got near them Lair, who was a yard away from Turpin, got down on his knee, took aim, and shot Charles down. Ledford cried to him to shoot Elliott, who was running away. The testimony of Elliott corroborated Turpin in the main.

MARTIN'S BOY "COUSIN."

He Proves to be a Woman, and a Sensation Ensues
in a Seaside Hotel.

There was a sensation on July 12 among the guests of the Newport Hotel, situated at Key East which is between Ocean Grove and Ocean Beach. Before the opening of the house, E. A. Dick, the proprietor, engaged Henry Martin as manager of his Casino. Martin filled the same position last year, and when he said he would like to have his cousin, Wesley Barker, as his assistant this season, Mr. Dick readily agreed. Wesley appeared there on the first of the month and proved to be a good-looking but very fresh young fellow. He was slight in build, but wore baggy trousers and a roomy flannel shirt several sizes too large for him. He was of a prying disposition and haunted the kitchen and the apartments of the female help. Several times the chambermaids bore his ears for prying about their rooms, but he kept it up all the same.

After he had been there two weeks, however, he chanced one day to insult the cook, and she, turning upon him, gave the lad a severe beating. Wesley complained to Martin, who went to the kitchen in a white rage, and mopped the floor with the fat cook. The proprietor was sent for, and when he arrived he found the cook "all broken up," and the boy, Wesley, on the floor in a faint. Martin, in trying to revive the lad, had disarranged his shirt, and it was apparent at a glance that the boy was a woman. The boss wanted an explanation right away, and got it. The boy was really Martin's wife. They had been married only a short time, and were greatly devoted to each other. As the female help at the Newport had been engaged for the season, there was no suitable place for Mrs. Martin. The discovery of her sex caused a commotion among the guests of the hotel, and Mrs. Martin was so abashed that she and her husband left the next day.

THE SKUNK TOOK THE CAKE.

How a Saratoga Picnic was Spoiled and the Girls
Lost Their Beaus.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a leap-year party in a grove near Judge Hilton's country seat, near Saratoga, on July 10. A leap-year party of ladies had devised a sylvan festival and banquet for the entertainment of the young men of their boarding-house in the village. They had gone to the ground alone and spread the feast unaltered, and the young men who had been invited were just heaving in sight in their carriages when an uninvited guest ran into the circle of damsels and got in its line work ahead of them. It ran on the table-cloth and hopped on top of a pile of sandwiches.

"Oh, look at the dear little kitten!" said one of the girls.

"Shoo!" said the damsels in chorus.

But the "kitten" didn't shoo for a cent. On the contrary it took possession of the banquet. The girls advanced on "Kitty" and Kitty advanced on the girls.

The result was disastrous.

The odor was stifling. The girls retreated from the "kitten" and rushed into the arms of the young men who rushed to the rescue. One embrace was enough, however. The young men couldn't stand it. The swains threw off their charmers and fled. The boarding-house has been filled with dressmakers for a week, all the clothing of the fair inmates having been buried in the garden. Picnics are not going to be popular in Saratoga this season.

FORTUNES IN NIGHT-GOWNS.

Boston Damsels Paying Three Hundred Dollars
Apiece For Garments To Sleep In.

The Beacon Hill fashionables of the Hub have a new rage now. It tends to extravagance in night-gowns. This is wonderful, considering that a young woman only spends money on clothes where she can show them, while night-gowns, you know—unless, perhaps, the Boston girls—but halt! we'll get out of our depth. Let's stick to the plain facts without any speculations.

A correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE went shopping with a lady in Boston one day last week. In a prominent fancy goods store his attention was attracted by a cluster of beautiful young women, who were chattering rapturously about a counter, where there were displayed several garments that appeared to the male eye a very ornate ball dress.

It was held up by the saleswoman in such a way that all its beauty was shown to the best advantage, and as she held it she glanced at it herself with an air of pride. It was indeed beautiful. A poem, so to speak, in filmy white lace and insertion, and the young ladies to whose inspection it was presented stood gazing at it in rapt admiration. After handling it tenderly and caressingly, as one would some loved object, they laid it down with a sigh and departed promising to speak to mamma about it and call again.

An inquiry of the saleswoman as to the nature of the work of art revealed the fact that it was not a ball or party dress, but, as she expressed it, a nocturn in night-dresses, a symphony in evening-wrappers, or, in plain English, a most costly and beautiful night-gown.

"Is it very expensive?" was asked.

"Well, no, not very expensive. This one costs \$125. It was originally designed for a young lady of Beacon Hill, who was about to be married. We keep this as a sample to show our customers. Each one that we make is, of course, made to order."

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars?"

"Yes."

"And is it customary for young ladies to wear such expensive night-dresses?"

"We have them even more costly." And a satin-lined box was produced containing a robe similar to the first, only infinitely more complicated, and fairly covered with expensive lace. "This one is worth \$300."

"Who is it that is willing to pay these prices for a garment to be worn at night and to be seen by no one?"

"Sometimes our customers are young ladies about to be married, who are preparing their trousseaux. It is not so much vanity that leads to the selection of such expensive night-dresses, but a natural desire to please their lords and masters. The mothers of the girls often have fully as much to do with it as the girls themselves. They are always very careful that everything connected with the underwear of the prospective brides shall be as perfect and delicate as possible. And now, seriously, can you conceive of anything more beautiful than this?" she continued, holding the garment up, reflectively.

It was certainly lovely. The soft, creamy material fell in delicate symmetrical folds to the floor, and the profusion of fine lace with which it was trimmed gave it a soft, downy appearance that made it peculiarly attractive to a masculine eye. It was cut very décolleté, and the opening was half concealed by the lace trimmings. The narrow bands across the shoulders were ornamented with rosettes, and did away with the necessity for sleeves. A cord of pale pink braided the outlines of the figure to the waist.

"These garments, I suppose, are all imported?"

"By no means. On the other hand, they are all made in this country. Foreign dressmakers cannot drape the lithe, willowy forms of our American girls with very good success. The materials, however, are mostly from abroad. The lace about the sleeves and filled in about the neck and down the corsage is from Belgium, and the edging about the skirt is from France. The material, however, is home-made, and of the very finest and softest texture."

"Have you any gentlemen's garments correspondingly elaborate?"

"That I can't say," replied the obliging saleswoman, with a smile, as she folded the symphony up carefully and placed it in its box. "You will have to inquire about that at the gentlemen's department."

The correspondent inquired, but they hadn't anything to match. So the Boston bridegrooms are to be far less charming in their night attire than the brides. Which is the proper and poetic balance. It is remarked by the sly female clerks of the Boston stores, however, and they whispered it to the POLICE GAZETTE man, that the scrawnier and uglier the prospective bride, the more expensive her night-gown is sure to be. This is probably the key to the whole mystery.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,

No. 67, out Saturday, July 19, contains: Museum Flats and Sharps; some of the sights to be seen on the Bowery; how innocent countrymen are gulled by glaring frauds; snide museums that are gambling-houses in disguise; a mermaid with an appetite. Queens of Burlesque; beauties who dazzle the bald-heads and please the public; the success and popularity of the burlesque stage; divinites of the past and present, whose names are familiar as household words. The Callas Habit; a new form of fashionable dissipation among New York ladies. Petticoated Boys; a curious phase of life in the great Metropolis. Billy, the Boxer; or, a Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York. By Edwin F. De Nyse. The Referee. Prowler. Billboard. Prompter. Joker. The great family sensational paper. Bright, lively, crisp and entertaining. The cheapest and best illustrated paper in the world.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all news-dealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$4.00.

LAST OF THE COLUMBIANAS.

[With Portrait.]

George Harrison, alias Amos Bleecker, who is alleged to be a member of the famous Columbiana gang, is now in the Tombs prison. He was arrested on July 14, by Detectives McLaughlin and Von Gerichten.

The Columbiana gang was composed of the most daring and accomplished forgers in America. The leader, Columbiana, was trapped some time ago by Mrs. Ellen Peck, the female detective, and he is now serving a twelve years' sentence in State prison

for his participation in the Staten Island bond robbery.

Another member, John Bailey, is awaiting sentence in the city prison.

Harrison, who is said to be the evil genius and the brains of the crowd, is charged in this instance with having forged a check for \$157.

At the Tombs he gave his pedigree as follows: Geo. Harrison, aged thirty-two, born in United States, married, waiter by occupation, No 816 Greenwich street.

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Crowds gathered around an oblong tent, at Kyle's Park, High Bridge, on Sunday July 14, where a slide show was being given. One of the principal attractions was an exhibition of rattlesnakes. After some twenty exhibitions had been given, Mr. Reilly, the snake-charmer, in order to stimulate the curiosity of the crowd, and to prove to them that the things were alive, took one of his rattlesnakes in his hands and went out to exhibit it to the crowd.

The smallest of the three rattlers had recently shed his skin and was getting hungry. During the morning he had shown signs of ugliness, and when Reilly took him out of the box to exhibit him outside the tent the snake made an attempt to bite him, which it had never done before. Reilly grasped the snake firmly by the neck and laughingly remarked, "I can squeeze worse than he can bite." Then he went outside the tent with the snake wrapped around his neck, holding it firmly with his right hand just below the head. In a short time several hundred people gathered around as the snake-charmer played with his dangerous pet.

Among the spectators were three young fellows somewhat elevated with the beer they had drunk. They gazed the snake-charmer, asked him who pulled the snake's teeth out, and whether it was not too old to eat hay. Reilly, became irritated, and replied angrily. He was holding the snake over a large table with both hands. To emphasize his remarks, he let go with one hand, dropping the body of the snake upon the table. As he did so the grip of his right hand, which was about the snake's neck, was loosened.

Quick as a flash the snake's head darted out. His half-closed eyes flashed fire. His jaws opened wide, and, before Reilly was aware of his danger, the snake's fangs were buried in the back of his right hand, between the thumb and forefinger. Every effort was made to save the poor man's life, but he died the next day after suffering most fearful tortures.

A SOCIETY LADY IN A SCRAPE.

Charged with Bigamy and Arrested in the Cu-
pola of Her Mansion.

[With Portrait.]

Two detectives, after watching for a month, succeeded, on July 18, in arresting Mrs. Lucy Schieffelin at her husband's summer residence at East Branch, a suburb of Long Branch, N. J. She had married Mr. Schieffelin, of the well-known firm of wholesale druggists in New York, without going through the formality of obtaining a divorce from her other husband, a Mr. Hewitt. The detectives found the lady concealed under a pile of bedding in the cupola on the roof of the mansion. She was taken to Jersey City and locked up. She is a very charming person, a favorite in society and comes of a good and wealthy family of Montpelier, Vermont. The relatives and friends of Mr. Schieffelin, who is over sixty years of age, while she is under forty, found that he was transferring his property to her, and tried to convince him she was a money-grasping adventuress. He was too deeply infatuated, however, hence the present proceedings. The lady's former husband, Mr. Hewitt, was separated from her in consequence of his loss of fortune and his increasing vice of drunkenness. He has turned up and offered his aid in furnishing bail for her, assisting her present husband in every way possible, while Mr. Schieffelin remains devoted to his charming wife. The lady's story is a melancholy one, and from it it appears that she is more rinned against than sinning, and by no means the criminal her remorseless enemies would make her out to be.

A GREAT CONFIDENCE MAN CAPTURED.

[With Portrait.]

The notorious Western confidence man, C. H. Newman, alias Parker, was captured by detectives of the New York police department on July 14. On the 24 inst. Inspector Byrnes received a dispatch from C. H. Harrigan, chief of police of St. Louis, asking him to look out for Parker, who was wanted on a charge of swindling. In the dispatch particular attention was called to the fact that the man wore long, gray whiskers.

Detectives McCloskey and Gehegan, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, were walking up Broadway, when their attention was attracted by a rather tall, slim, elderly man with whiskers of a suspiciously black hue, who entered Goodkind & Co.'s store, at No. 746 Broadway. His appearance tallied so exactly with the photograph of Newman in the possession of the detectives that they followed and arrested him.

Newman has made quite a name for himself in the West by swindling merchants in the guise of a wealthy ranch owner who desired credit for a few days until several train loads of live stock belonging to him could arrive. He is known throughout the West from Milwaukee to Matamoros, and his victims are numbered by hundreds.

Inspector Byrnes' men found that although he had only been in New York for a few days he had already adopted the character of a wealthy dry goods man in Chicago. The salesmen of several Broadway firms had already shown him the sights, and one of them had spent the last three days in conveying his valuable customer to Long Branch and Coney Island races.

JOSEPH WHELOCK.

[With Portrait.]

The dramatic profession has in its ranks no more brilliant representative than Joe Wheelock, now of the Madison Square theatre company. He is an actor both elegant and powerful. His voice is one of the most melodious imaginable, his control of it perfect, and his tact as an actor and his taste in making up a stage picture are consummate. As a man and a comrade he cuts white all through. There is nothing of the dude about him, and he is a credit to his profession and to American manhood. Joe is a native of Boston, and the "Hub" has reason to be proud of him.



RIDING TO DEATH.

THE ACCIDENT AT THE STEEPLECHASE RACE AT MONMOUTH PARK ON JULY 12, WHICH RESULTED IN THE KILLING OF TWO HORSES AND THE WOUNDING OF TWO JOCKEYS.



THE BOWERY ELECTRIC GIRLS.

HOW THEY PLAY THE UMBRELLA TRICK ON THE GREEN COUNTRYMEN IN THE DIVES.



RUSTIC JOYS FROM REAL LIFE.

TENDER AND STARTLING EPISODES IN THE EXPERIENCE OF CITY SOJOURNERS IN SYLVAN SHADES.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Crowd Was There, But Fulljames Wasn't.

Another Match Ends in a Wrangle and a Fizzle that Disgusted the Sporting Crowd.

The long-talked-of fight between Fulljames and Dempsey, for which articles of agreement were signed on May 5, was to have come off on Monday, July 14, but Fulljames wasn't there, and the sports were disappointed again. The battle-ground selected was near Baltimore. On Saturday, July 13, before leaving New York, Fulljames and his friends called on Richard K. Fox, and asked whom he had selected as referee. Mr. Fox replied, Charles Carroll, of Baltimore. The Fulljames' party at once objected, and to settle all trouble it was decided to have two referees—one to be selected by Fulljames, who chose Tommy Murphy, of New York. Then Dempsey's friends objected to Murphy, but finally it was agreed that Mr. Fox's representative should select at the battle-ground a person who would suit both parties in case the objections were still persisted in.

It is claimed by Dempsey's friends that Fulljames and his backers were still unwilling to have the fight come off, and they think that the fact that Dempsey's weight was 146 pounds, while Fulljames only weighed 121 pounds, had a good deal to do with this.

Be this as it may, the arrival of the Fulljames party at so prominent a hotel as the Carrollton, instantly attracted the attention of the police. Then the Fulljames party was shadowed everywhere, and it is said the seconds were notified that if they attempted a fight in the county they would surely be arrested. Fulljames backers then advanced this as an excuse for refusing to let their man fight.

It was rumored that Fulljames was at Knight's, in the neighborhood of the battle-ground, and Dempsey's party, fearing that this refusal was a ruse to keep him from putting in an appearance, and to thus furnish grounds on which to claim the money, got their man into a coach and started with him for Rosebank.

The place selected was in a field adjoining the resort. Dempsey and his party, on arriving, had the ring all to themselves, as Fulljames failed to put in an appearance. Dempsey waited until 10 o'clock, and expressed his willingness to wallop Fulljames for fun, leaving stakes aside, but as the latter was not present to hear this invitation, nothing came of it. It was the general opinion that Fulljames did not want to fight.

The Fulljames party explain their conduct by stating that the intention of having the fight being publicly known, it was more than useless to try to elude the police. Marshal Frey was closely watching them, and the best thing to do under the circumstances was for Fulljames to get out of town as soon as possible.

Despite all this, however, there is a general suspicion that information of the fight was given away intentionally, and sporting men are not sparing in the severity of their comment upon the affair.

The sports returned to New York disgusted, and Dempsey's party say they will claim the \$2,000 stake money.

Davy Levy, Esq., the proprietor of the *Pacific Life*, says:

"The great John L. Sullivan disgraced himself by appearing at Madison Square Garden, where he was to have met Charley Mitchell in a glove contest. In a beastly state of intoxication. The police protected him from the justly indignant spectators who might have given him a good lecture on temperance had they been let alone. The Englishman, although not in good condition by reason of sickness, came pluckily to the scratch, and would have done his best under the circumstances had not the champion been too full of champagne. Sullivan's star of glory will set ere long if he does not mend his ways and acknowledge that patrons of athletic exhibitions have some rights which even the wine-soaked champion must respect."

George Le Blanche, one of Uncle Sam's marines, obtained his discharge before he fought Ned Harnetty. The fact that he was released from naval bondage gave him more courage, and he knocked out his man.

At Flushing, L. I., on July 12, there was a rattling glove fight. Six desperate rounds were fought between Gus Hentner, who claims to be the light-weight champion of Long Island, and James Vance, alias Yorkey, a boxer at Harry Hill's New York theatre. The fight originated through a dispute between the two men as to their relative merits, and they agreed to fight for a purse. A ring was pitched about 5 o'clock in the morning. Bill England, the English pugilist, and Walter Brown seconded Hentner and Bill Hill and Dick Hill performed the same office for Yorkey. John Butler acted as referee. After they had been fighting twenty minutes the cry of "Police!" broke up the fight, and the crowd ran in all directions. The backers of both men met the same afternoon and matched them to fight again for \$200 a side. Bill England is backing Hentner, and it is understood that Harry Hill is furnishing the money for Yorkey. Both men were terribly punished in their fight, but Yorkey, who is very plucky, had decidedly the best of it.

The *Journal*, of this city, says: "Mayor Low and the many friends of Bryan Campbell, of Brooklyn, will be pleased to learn that he is to fight Tom Walling, of Colorado, within four weeks' time for the neat sum of \$1,000 a side. Mr. Walling is the proprietor of the 'Police Gazette' Shades in Leadville. These gentlemen fought on the 28th of June, 1882, among the hills of Cass county, West Virginia, for the same amount. In that memorable encounter Walling's finger was broken in the seventh round, in the eleventh his hand collapsed and in the twenty-first his arm was paralyzed. He stopped right there."

The natives of Portland, Oregon, were recently treated to a first-class glove encounter between Pete Lawler, of San Francisco, and Dave Campbell, of Portland. Over 1,000 persons assembled to witness the mill. Campbell is twenty-two years of age, and weighed 176 pounds. Lawler is well known in prize ring circles. About nine years ago he lived in this city, and boxed Jimmy Kelly at Harry Hill's, and was easily beaten. Henry Griffin was chosen referee and John Burns and M. Malarkey, time-keepers. It was announced that the fight would be to a finish under Marquis of Queensberry rules. The first round was a serious one, as the combatants were animated by an intense desire to punish one another. Lawler thought he saw an opening, and reached for the Portland boy,

but fell short. Campbell saw an opportunity, and got his work in on the Dublin man's chin in good shape. This encouraged the Webfoot so that he forced the issue, and with the quickness of a cat and the ferocity of a tiger knocked Lawler down three times. Lawler rose after the third knock-down, and had barely put up his props when time was called.

In the second round, after a few interchanges of fistic compliments, in which Lawler received more than he gave, Campbell got in a terrific right-hander under Lawler's left ear. The knocked-out fighter lay like a dead man on the floor, and people in the audience yelled out: "He's dead." Campbell stood dazed, thinking he had killed Lawler, and then hurriedly started for his dressing-room. After the lapse of five minutes, by the aid of stimulants, Lawler was brought back to consciousness. Dr. Saylor, who was present, said that the blow had caused a partial stoppage of blood circulation, and thought that had he been struck a little harder Lawler would have been a dead pugilist.

Campbell, since the fight, has come out in a card in a Portland paper and declares that he has never aspired to pugilistic honors, although he had acquired some little reputation as a boxer. He was forced into this fight by his friends. He apologizes for his participation in the affair, and declares he will never again take part in another match of the kind.

In this city on July 23 there will be one of the most interesting glove contests ever fought in this vicinity. The affair will take place in Irving Hall, the scene of many an exciting wrestling match and glove fight. The principals will be Jack Burke, better known as "The Irish Lad," who recently came to this country from Merrie England to meet the middle and heavy-weight pugilists of America, and Mike Cleary. The conditions are four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate money. Burke has never appeared in public in this city, consequently it is a hard matter for any one to decide whether he is A1, or only a boxer of the common order. It is claimed that Burke defeated Al Greenfield for a belt in England. Now if Burke was able to defeat such a formidable pugilist as Greenfield he must be a slasher, for Greenfield has fought numerous battles with prominent pugilists, viz.: Jack Stewart and Tug Wilson. But if Burke did conquer the boniface of the Swan with the Two Necks, of Livery street, Birmingham, he should be a match for any pugilist in this country, barring Sullivan. Cleary, when in condition, is a dangerous and punishing hitter, and liable, if he can land his right heavily on Sullivan's point (the neck or point of the left jaw) to settle all his opponent's fighting abilities. Cleary knocked out George Rooke, who had quite a reputation (up to that time) as a pugilist, and was looked upon as the middle-weight champion. He also knocked out William Sheriff, the Prussian, who came to this country from England with a great reputation, owing to the fact that he had beaten Denny Bulldog Harrington. At the time Cleary put the great English pugilist to sleep in the Germania Assembly Rooms, in this city, many claimed it was an accident. But Cleary took the most effective way of proving he meant the knock-out in earnest by repeating it, five weeks later, at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia, when he not only knocked out Sheriff again, but did it in 1 minute 5 seconds, thus making himself the hero of the shortest glove contest on record. After Cleary had conquered Sheriff, he arranged a match to box four rounds with John Kilrain, a prominent heavy-weight pugilist of Boston, who had fought a six-round glove contest with Jim Goode, which ended in a draw, and also fought a draw with Charley Mitchell. Cleary's double victory over Sheriff made him look upon the Boston boy as an easy victim. He paid no attention to his training and entered the ring carrying lots of money, but in no condition. The result was that Kilrain, who was carefully prepared for the encounter, had a shade the better of the contest, which might have been different had Cleary trained properly. The contest ended in a draw, and Cleary's friends, who had wagered several hundred dollars that he would win, were very fortunate in receiving back their money. Cleary is now well aware that Kilrain caught him a shade off, and he will not be caught napping again. Burke is no doubt a first-class pugilist and Cleary will have his hands full to win if he is not in condition, and no matter whether he enters the ring in or out of condition, he will find in Burke a foe man worthy of his steel; that is, if Burke's credentials do not exaggerate his ability. "The Englishman is confident of winning. He is training at Palmer's Washington House, Tarrytown. Prof. Young Nixey is Burke's trainer, and Harry Webb, the shrewd sporting man and manager, Burke's backer, is looking after the latter's interest. Cleary is going through a careful preparation at Fort Hamilton. He is working hard and appears confident that he will knock Burke out. Matt Moore, Billy Bennett, Pat Rayle, James Wakeley, and Matt. Malone, Cleary's admirers will wager a large amount on their protégé's chances of winning. Richard K. Fox is to select the referee, and there is not the least doubt but that the best man will be declared the winner.

Burke will scale about 150 pounds on the night of the contest.

James W. Clark, of Scranton, Pa., has sent on a forfeit to Richard K. Fox, and states that he will match Johnson to fight Patsy Hogan (not the San Francisco pugilist) of Scranton, to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$250 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint the referee, and select the place of fighting. Hogan recently defeated Johnson in a prize fight for \$500, near Scranton.

Prof. Wm. Clark, the Belfast Chicken, who has not appeared in the arena since he was to box Joe Coburn in Turn Hall, is now running a first-class hotel and catering to summer boarders at Huntington, L. I.

Sam Collier, the hero of many a great battle in the 24-foot orthodox arena, is now keeping a first-class sporting saloon at Canton, Md.

One of the most interesting fistic encounters now on the tapis is the glove match recently arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office between James Keenan's protégé, John Kilrain, of Boston, and Hial H. Stoddard, the Syracuse Wonder. These noted pugilists are to box four rounds according to the "Police Gazette" Revised rules, at Boston, some time before July 23. Ned Mallahan, Stoddard's manager, is looking after the latter's training, and Kilrain is being prepared for the affair by Tim McCarthy, the grand mogul of the Crib Club. Sporting men of Boston are confident that Kilrain will easily defeat Stoddard, and they stand ready to wager from \$1,000 to \$5,000 on the result. Stoddard is well known in prize ring circles. He fought a draw with Capt.

James C. Daly, the Irish champion athlete, in Clarendon Hall, New York, after a desperate contest which was stopped by the police at the end of the third round. Again, in Pittsburg, Stoddard and Daly met, and the referee, Tom Hughes, declared Stoddard the winner.

Stoddard's last battle was with Jack Wagner, at Clarendon Hall, New York, which was also stopped by the police. Since Stoddard met Wagner he has learned a wrinkle or two in the boxing line, and he will enter the arena a much better pugilist than when he met Daly or his giant. Ned Mallahan says Stoddard will enter the ring the day he meets Kilrain weighing 190 pounds. Kilrain will probably weigh 175 pounds. There is not the least doubt but that the contest will be worth a journey to the Hub to witness.

Since Tom Henry fought Jimmy Murray at Pelham Bridge, New York, he has been eager to meet any of the middle-weight pugilists, but none of them even issued a challenge to fight him. If any of the middle weights desire a match, now is their opportunity. On July 11 Ed. Haggerty, the backer of Tom Henry, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and left the following challenge for publication:

NEW YORK, July 11, 1884.

SIR—Please insert the following challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE: I am prepared to match Tom Henry, of Bury, Eng., now a resident of this city, for a contest with any man in America, at 138 pounds, according to the rules of the London prize ring, with small gloves, four weeks from signing articles, for \$1,000 a side. The fight to be decided within 250 miles of New York, and Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, name the battle-ground, and appoint the referee. To prove I mean business I have posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and Henry and myself will meet any pugilist who will accept this challenge at the POLICE GAZETTE office to arrange a match.

EDWARD HAGGERTY.

Haggerty has posted his money and he evidently is anxious to match Henry against any pugilist at the weight stipulated. "The" Allen recently issued a challenge offering to match Johnny Files, of Chicago, against any 140-pound pugilist in America. This is a capital chance for Files and his backer.

Many sporting men have an idea George Rooke can fight as well to-day as he could when he fought Matthew Moore, at Smutty Nose Island, New Hampshire, seventeen years ago. Rooke may be able to defeat many of the pugilists who now boast they are champions, but it is very doubtful that he has the same stamina he had seventeen years ago, when he was in his prime in the pugilistic line.

Often in the past, pugilists have become Congressmen, members of Parliament, lawyers and clergymen. Why then should sporting men laugh because John L. Sullivan is to be a candidate for Mayor of Boston? But one thing is certain, if Sullivan expects to catch the temperance votes he will have to join the blue ribbon brigade and sell out his magnificent gin palace on Washington street, Boston. John L. is a great favorite among all classes in Boston, however, and who can say, if Gen. Butler should shoulder him, that he may not be sent to Washington, as John Gully, the English pugilist, was elected to Parliament in England, and John Morrissey was elected to Congress.

There was a rattling fight between two colored heavy weights at Jerry Delaney's, Sixteenth and South streets, Philadelphia, recently. It was to a finish for a purse of \$100. The principals were Shepp Trusty, of Atlantic City, and Jim Bowers, of Philadelphia. Johnny Magee handled Trusty and Jerry Delaney looked after Bowers. Dick Hettie was referee and Jack Cook time-keeper. Trusty showed the most science, but Bowers had the best staying powers. Trusty drew first blood in the second round. The fighting was quick and sharp from the start, and at the end of the fourth round—three minutes each—Trusty quit, claiming to be out of condition. The stakes were awarded to Bowers. Only twenty-five persons saw the fight.

A prize fight was fought recently, near Norwich, between Walter Emms and Arthur Shaw. After fighting four rounds, which occupied about ten minutes, Emms hit Shaw on the point of the jaw and knocked him out of time. Indeed, Shaw did not come round until ten minutes afterward. Emms is thirty-seven years of age and Shaw about twenty-nine and about twelve pounds heavier.

Jack Burke is doing heavy work at Tarrytown for his glove fight with Mike Cleary.

Jim Mace has found a new antagonist for John L. Sullivan. His name is Fred L. Collier, and Mace will have him in this country by September.

David Levy, the proprietor of the *Pacific Life*, has written to Richard K. Fox as follows:

"We have a heavy-weight pugilist whom we will back against any and all comers; nothing barred. His name is H. L. Swarthout, and he is at present working off superfluous flesh in a mining claim at You Bet, Yuba county. He is the holder of the championship of that region, and he knocks out all the scrappers in Yuba Dam—You Bet."

The glove contest between Pete McCoy, of New York, and John Kilrain, of Boston, was arranged in Billy Mahoney's sporting saloon in Lagrange street, Boston. McCoy met Kilrain, and after claiming he could whip him, pulled from his pocket a roll of bills, and placing \$25 upon the counter, remarked that he would put that up as a forfeit that he could lick Jake Kilrain in a six-round contest, with hard gloves, for \$1,000, or \$2,000, at any time or place that the friends of the latter might name. Kilrain did not think that \$25 was a sufficiently large forfeit deposit. They badgered Pete still more until finally his impetuosity got the better of him and he left Mahoney's, but only to return some ten minutes later with a more extensive pile of bills, from which he extracted a centenary. This amount was thought to be just the proper thing by Tim McCarthy and Kilrain's other friends, and an agreement was then and there made that the men meet again between 8 and 9 o'clock the following Thursday evening to draw up articles for a six-round hard-glove contest. Billy Mahoney was made the stakeholder. The fight, if ever it becomes a fact, will be in private and take place within twenty miles of this city.

LANGTRY KNOCKED OUT.

Mrs. Langtry hasn't been able to sit easy for a week. Lulu Hurst tried her mystic force on the Lily and sent her all in a heap in a corner of the Madison Square theatre stage, bursting the beauty's corsets, splitting her dress up the back, and breaking her up generally.

TOM CRIBB'S BATTLES.

(Continued from No. 357.)

There was a little difficulty about this match, for the simple reason that Cribb wished to retire from the ring, and had only consented to meet Mollineux the first time because it seemed there would be some discredit to the nation at large if a challenge from a foreigner was allowed to lie unregarded. After consultation with some of the leading Corinthians, it was considered that, having met and beaten him, it would be, to say the least, discourteous not to give him the opportunity of retrieving himself, especially as the black rather cleverly appealed to a tender point with Englishmen in his allusions to his color and the rigor of the climate to one who was not accustomed to cold. Cribb, who had placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his friends, cheerfully adopted this view of the case, and authorized his backers to make another match. But, although Mollineux had been so ready to challenge again, there seemed not to be equal readiness on the part of his backers to find the money, and it was not until he had fought and won another good battle with a man of inferior mark that the preliminaries were finally arranged; but when they were arranged, the excitement was, if possible, greater than on the previous occasion. The public knew that it had taken Cribb fifty-five minutes of desperate fighting to conquer the American, and that more than once the fortunes of the battle had so veered about that odds were laid on the black. It was patent, further, that Mollineux himself believed he had a chance of reversing the verdict. Thus there was sufficient in the attendant circumstances to cause those who were not "in the know" very considerable anxiety as to the result. The feeling on the subject was extreme, and it is hardly too much to say that the news of a defeat in the Peninsula would hardly have caused greater grief than would the intelligence that Mollineux had defeated Tom Cribb. It must be remembered that at this time the feeling against the United States was very bitter, in consequence of the aid that country had been surreptitiously giving to France, and this feeling only a few months later was the cause of the war of 1812 between the two countries, so that there would have been a double humiliation in the victory of one who represented the young Republic.

So well did Cribb understand this feeling that he determined this time no stone should be left unturned to render him fit to fight for his life, and toward this end he surrendered himself unreservedly into the hands of Capt. Barclay, who was universally admitted to understand the rationale of training far better than any other man of his time. Barclay took Cribb away with him to his seat in Scotland, and there set him to work so hard, and kept so tight a hand over him, that Cribb came to the post fitter than ever he had been in his life before. Tom, however, while grateful to the captain for the trouble he took with him, used to declare afterward that he would rather fight Mollineux twice than go through another training with Capt. Barclay. This splendid athlete, indeed, whose marvelous pedestrian feats have never been equaled, was not likely to spare Cribb any more than he would spare himself when he was preparing for one of his great achievements. It is to be feared that Mollineux was not equally careful of himself, as he would insist on going about to sparring exhibitions with Bill Richmond all over the country, in order to add to the excitement, and to endeavor to create an interest in his own fortunes. In this object he succeeded so well that Cribb's supporters found plenty of takers for the odds they were willing to lay on the champion, and it is certain that so much money never depended on any other prize fight as on this. Indeed, when Cribb's arrival at Ury was announced, with the additional information that even then not less than \$30,000 was depending on the result of the fight for which he was training, an "unco guid" Scottish editor waxed exceedingly wroth over the sin and scandal, and wondered what sort of "gentleman" it could be who had sheltered a low, ruffianly prize-fighter in his house at Aberdeen. After all changes and difficulties had been surmounted the fight was fixed for the 28th of September, 1811, the spot being a place called Thistleton Gap, in the County of Rutland, about eight miles from Grantham, and on the borders of four counties, which was convenient, as in case of magisterial interference, it would be easy to move to another place. Here a 25-foot stage was erected on a corn-field from which the corn had been carted, and bitterly some of the spectators swore at the stibble, which found out the weak places in their boots. In spite of the greater distance from London, the crowd was even larger than on the occasion of the previous fight, and it was calculated that at least twenty-five per cent. of those present belonged to the nobility and landed gentry. In addition to most of those we have enumerated as being present at the first contest, there were now all the leading nobles of the great hunting shires of Leicester, Lincoln, Rutland, etc., with such men as the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Yarmouth (afterward the Marquis of Hertford), the Duke of Rutland, Earl Brownlow, Major Brabazon, and many others, while hardly a pugilist of eminence was absent. Mr. Jackson was again the referee. Cribb had the same seconds as before, with Capt. Barclay as a sort of adviser-in-chief, while Richmond, who was again Mollineux's second, had for his assistant, in place of Jones, that distinguished member of the fancy, Bill Gibbons, the famous owner of the best bull-dogs in the country, and the admittedly downiest lad to every dodge on the board.

On appearing in the ring both men were considerably lighter than on the previous occasion, and apparently both were in better condition. The black, however, was now the heavier man of the two, for on the morning of the fight Cribb scaled only 13 stone 6 pounds, although it is said that, in consequence of the somewhat jolly life he had been leading for six months, when he went into active training he weighed very nearly 16 stone. Capt. Barclay, however, had got rid of all the useless fat without wasting an ounce of muscle, and Cribb was indeed, as he expressed it, fit to fight for a kingdom. When stripped, and ready for action, the contrast between the two men was remarkable indeed—the shining ebony hide of Mollineux setting off the delicate-looking and yet firm skin of the champion, which was as white as that of a young girl. Mollineux looked nervous, and walked up and down the ring with hasty strides until the word was given, while Cribb, calm and self-possessed as a champion should be, leaned carelessly against the ropes, making remarks on the spectators, and talking on all sorts of indifferent subjects.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Breezes From the Baseball Field and Points
About the Players--News and Gossip
From All Over the Country.

DAVE ROWEN worked the New York management in brilliant style.

Bond's reception by the Providence team was about as jolly as a picnic party on an iceberg.

The Union are quietly making a very good inroad on the ranks of the National Agreement clubs.

A BALL-TOSSEER got on a drunk a few days since on thirty cents, and it cost him \$30 to get off.

Mr. Lucas is beginning to find out that it is not so easy to paint the country red as he had anticipated.

The Northwestern League clubs are having about all they can do this summer to keep from starving.

For four years in succession the Buffalo players have had poor luck in finding clear weather on July 4.

It doesn't do for a man to get too enthusiastic, as it recently cost Tom Deasley, for "enthusiasm," a cool \$100 bill.

Is Lew Simmons not "succeeding in stealing Baker from the St. Louis Union, it will not be because he has not tried.

You can Ann each season expels Fred. Lewis for disorderly conduct, then hires him over again and gives him bigger wages.

The Metropolitan will have to do some great ball-playing before they wait off with the American Association championship pennant.

Maya, of Oil City, is kind of a bad man. In a recent game he knocked two men silly, and broke the fingers of two others by pitched balls.

QUEENS COUNTY PARK, which is used as a baseball ground by the Atlantic Club of Long Island City, reminds one of a picnic-ground in distress.

Burns, who covers the left garden for the Peorias, has such an ugly disposition that he ran clear through the fence chasing a fly out of his field.

Hoover is going to try his luck in the Northwestern League, but we have an idea he will find that a very poor country in which to brain treasurers of clubs.

Tommy York is handicapped by rheumatism in his ball-playing, but somehow the rheumatism does not seem to interfere with his getting around to the box-office on pay-day.

The Mets did up the Toledo pretty badly in the game of July 7, and the Toledo, to get square with them, accused the umpire of being drunk, and protested the game on that account.

Perry Pot tried to sing "Cuckoo" after falling into the mud with his new white flannel suit, but his voice had sort of a melancholy tremor in it which spoiled the beauty of the song.

The Trentons have released Billy Schenck from their club, not that he had anything against him personally, but because his every movement resembled that agile little fellow known as the snail.

The Detroiters are heart-broken over Shaw breaking his contract, and are now trumping up all sorts of ghost-stories about his throwing the game, etc., etc., in order to cast a stigma on his character.

One of the greatest events that ever occurred in Cincinnati, and one that will go down to posterity with the history of the city, was the time that the sun stood still while Willie White made a home run.

The general impression is that Goldsmith of the Chicago has seen his best days in the box, but that same impression can get out about a great many other ball-players, and hit them just in about the right spot.

HARTFORD doesn't seem to be satisfied with the way they starved their professional clubs a few years since, but are now thirsting for another professional team in addition to the snide one they have at present.

When Jim O'Rourke gets mad he elevates his lip so high that he can't see over his mustache, so he goes it blind until that luxurious growth of hair comes down off of his forehead and assumes its proper position under his nose.

FINANCIALLY, the Wilmingtons are not much better off than the Merritts of Camden were one year ago, when lack of support caused them to disband their organization, while they had a tremendous lead over all other opponents in the race.

An Indian baseball club has just been formed out West. As the umpire is likely to be killed at the conclusion of every game, the introduction of baseball among them probably marks the early disappearance of the noble red men.—Cleveland Leader.

The Athletics of Brooklyn, anticipate making a pretty lively bid for the championship of the Eastern League, provided they are not crushed in the bud by the Brooklyn and New York clubs for encroaching upon their territory under the 5-mile rule business.

JERRY DOMAN has a great habit of bending his elbow when he gets hold of a glass of whisky. His weakness in this respect led the Indianapolis management into the belief that he was suffering from a sore arm, so they suspended him for two weeks in order to recuperate.

The Providence boys were going to have a grand racket Fourth of July night. They were very flush and each man bought a pack of freerackers, and they were just getting ready to have a royal time with their fireworks, when Manager Bancroft ordered them to leave for life.

Sporting Life says: "Speculation is rife because Rowen has not yet played for New York, although he has been eligible to play for several weeks." If Sporting Life understood anatomy, they would find out that being eligible and being in condition are two very different things.

The Cleveland baseball managers had the greatest surprise of their lives, on the Fourth of July, when 7,000 people went into their grounds to see the Providence Club do up the home team, and it was by no means disappointed, as the Providence Club did that little job to the Queen's taste.

PHILLIPS, the captain of the Harvard nine, who is a big "Injun" who eats fire-water, says he will put the Harvard in the field next fall, and play them all winter, in order to harden them sufficiently to knock the Yale out next spring, as he is bound to win the championship of the College Association in 1885.

YOUNGSTOWN is in mortal terror of financial embarrassment overtaking them before the close of the season. They have changed their managers several times in hopes that would bring them change of luck, but they have made a new discovery, which is that it is not the manager who swells the treasury, but those who come to see the games.

The president of the Columbus Club is a dandy conceiver. He found Sunday ball-playing exceedingly remunerative so long as the authorities allowed ball-playing in their town. Now, since the Sunday law has burst up the game, he dines on sour grapes and says "he is surprised at the decidedly improved appearance of the spectators since he has given up playing on Sunday."

SEWARD is "hoisting" pretty lively, and some days when he goes on the ball-field it is a hard thing for him to tell a bat from a ball, consequently the ball-tossers have to make allowances for his decisions during the game. Occasionally the club managers are not so lenient, and several of them have complained to the long-eared gentleman at Columbus about the beastly state of intoxication in which they have found Mr. Seward, the portable beer-barrel.

Lewis, of the St. Louis Club, is now a member of the Salvation Army, and he just looks too cute for anything in his little red cap with a gold band bearing the inscription "Salvation Army" and his natty little blue bow on the lapel of his coat. As he walks through the streets the ladies all exclaim: "Oh, how sweet Freddie looks since he has signed the pledge." They chuck him under the chin, pat him on the back and encourage him in his good work.

ATKINSON, of the Athletics of Philadelphia, quit the club while they were playing in Cincinnati, and left for Chicago in hope of getting the Democratic nomination for President. He was grievously disappointed, however, on his arrival, to find he was just a few minutes too late, and that he had been outwitted by Cleveland's friends, the impression upon the other delegates that Mr. Atkinson, the celebrated curve-pitcher of America, had withdrawn in favor of Cleveland.

BRACKETT is now swinging out his shingle as a disciplinarian, and holds a threat over the heads of the Quincey boys, that the first one who goes on a racket will be black-listed by the club. This seems to us to be taking a pretty mean advantage of the boys, as it is rather a difficult matter to interpret the full mean-

ing of the word racket. As we understand it, Esterbrook calls it a "big racket" to get two glasses of lemonade out of a man without treating him in return, and to black-list a man for innocent amusement like this seems unreasonably unjust.

HARRY LOVY, the celebrated bum who has made such an exhibition of himself during the past two years that he has had to be fired bodily from each club he has been connected with, has been given his diploma for poor playing by the Kansas City. This is the end of his baseball career, as it is impossible for him to sink any lower, the Kansas City being the bummiest club in the country, therefore he will most likely have to go back to lagging the chains around for the surveyors, a job that was worth \$3 per week formerly.

CLEVELAND has at last found an umpire that suits them. They cheer him when he goes on the ball-field, and they say he is the fairest and most impartial umpire that has been in Cleveland this season. The gentleman's name is Decker, and we are pleased to see that he has made a good impression in one town in America, as in all the other League cities throughout the country he has tortured the public to such an extent that the baseball scribes have long since written his obituary, and are only waiting for the crowd to finish him up.

THE first time on record wherein Horace Phillips has failed to get his release from managing a club occurred a short time since, when the Grand Rapids declined to listen to his earnest solicitation for their consent to his pulling up stakes and driving them in Milwaukee soil. Heretofore Horace has always got his release from every club he ever managed long before he ever thought of asking for it, and the only way we can account for their refusal is that Horace must have got into the hearts of the people so deep that they feel they can't part with him.

THE Louisville Courier-Journal says: "Fourth of July has ever been an unfortunate day for the Cincinnati Club. They have lost every afternoon game that day since the present club was organized." This New York Press Club want to arrange a game with the Cincinnati for next Fourth of July, so they can be sure of one victory before they disband their organization, as they have never been able to win a game on Fourth of July afternoon, or any other afternoon since the club has been in existence, which is upward of twenty years.

"I AM a baseball player," said the prisoner to the judge. "I'll tell you how it happened." "Go on, sir." "I was at the bat. There were three men on bases. I asked for a low ball and reached back to strike, but it wasn't where I wanted it. Then this man—" "Hold on, sir. Who do you allude to as this man?" "The corpse, of course. Then this man shouted 'Foul and out.' Then I brained him." "Who did you say he was?" "He was the umpire." "Oh, I beg your pardon. You are discharged, sir. The clerk will enter the costs against the late umpire's estate."—Graphic.

As might be expected, Willie Taylor, the bashful little boy from last year's Allegheny team, who, through his extreme innocence, is always getting into trouble, is again doing what he hadn't ought to do. Last year he had quite a scene over a diamond pin with a man in Pittsburgh, and now he is indulging in the dirty work of contract-jumping. He first signed with the Athletics and got \$300 from them, then skipped back to St. Louis and tried to work \$500 from Lucas to pay back his Philadelphia money and clear \$200. Lucas wouldn't have it that way, however, and Willie, to show how honorable he was, went back to Simmons and signed with him to split Lucas.

THE St. Louis Office tells the following story of Mr. Clegg, Chief Clerk in the United States Engineer's office, whom it calls "a baseball crank all the way from Crankville." He was going to a funeral one Sunday—was a pall-bearer on the occasion—and as the cortege was passing the baseball park he heard a shout set up in recognition of some good play made by one of the clubs then engaged in a contest in the park. If Clegg hadn't heard the shout he might have got by the park without making any demonstration, but just as soon as it struck his ears it sank clear down into his boots, and with the remark: "Boys, I'm awful sorry, but, by gosh, I can't stand it," he tapped on the front glass, stopped the carriage, got out, went in to see the game and let the funeral go on.

TOM DEASLEY is a big-hearted fellow, and if there is anything that grieves him it is to see a man in a tight place, and no friend of Tom's will ever want for money as long as he has got it in his clothes. Tom has a great friend in St. Louis by the name of Chris. Von der Ahe, who runs a baseball club, and as Von der Ahe is rather a poor man and sorely in need of funds, Tom keeps him supplied with an abundance of ready cash, and he does it in such a polite and gentlemanly manner, that Von der Ahe, who is an exceedingly sensitive man, hardly realizes that he is being assisted by his friend Deasley. Tom gets an enormous salary, and as he has far more money than he knows what to do with, he presents about two-thirds of it to his friend Von der Ahe. Whenever he wants to make a presentation he just gets drunk and raises the roof about ten feet above the top of the house, and pays Jimmie Williams ten dollars a foot for the space.

LATHAM, the gallant little dude who covers third base for the St. Louis Club, has been getting the least little bit of notoriety through his sickle-mindedness. Latham married a beautiful young girl some five years since in Boston. As might be expected of a man with a roving disposition like his, he soon tired of her, and, packing his trunk full of wind, he set sail for parts unknown, and left the poor little Boston girl to grieve over her birdie who had escaped with tarnished plumage. After several years of wandering he finally brought up, with briar-rose feet, in the little village of St. Louis, where he got along swimmingly until his wife, learning of his whereabouts, gave him an uncomfortable little surprise party, which made his very flesh creep. He went back on her, but she wouldn't have it that way, and just swallowed enough of chloroform to give him more disagreeable notoriety in a minute than he had before in a lifetime.

IN Chicago the situation appears somewhat after this fashion to a Boston Courier man: The ascetic Anson has become convinced that the only way to maintain a just discipline is to establish a system of fines that depletes the players' pockets faster than they can be filled. This kindly method of providing for the good of his nine and advancing the fortunes of his club does not meet with favor among the men. This is so extraordinary as to stimulate the imagination to the highest pitch, so that the poet of this department (not he who scores wild pitches and passed balls) has been affected to tears and produces the following touching stanzas dedicated to Michael Kelly, who it is hoped, will chant them at the short corner of third base, while Whitney accompanies the music with a \$10 fine:

YE LAMENTERS OF CHICAGO.

Who taught me prayers
To say up stairs?

My Anson!

Who made me think
Of quitting drink?

My Anson!

Who made my lines
Severe with fines?

My Anson!

Who made me play
When ill all day?

My Anson!

Whom do we hate,
Who else might?

My Anson!

One day from thee
May we be free!

My Anson!

—Sporting Life.

THERE is nothing like a good strong opposition to make a business prosperous, and the great beauty of an opposition in the baseball arena was recently shown in the case of Tommy Bond, one of the finest little gentlemen in the baseball profession. Tommy was pitching for the Boston Union, and for so other reason in the world than because he asked for his money the day it was due, the managers of the Boston Union Club were guilty of the dastardly act of firing him \$100 and then expelling him from their employ on the charge of insubordination, without giving him a chance to deny the charge. They imagined that their action would crush him to the earth, ruin his reputation, and set such an example before the other members of the club, and also the Union Association, that they, in the future, would regard like a lot of whipped curs. In this, however, they were badly left, as Tommy Bond is too widely known throughout the country for any such slurs as they were casting upon him to have weight with the general public. The expulsion had hardly been announced before the Providence Club, one of the leading clubs in the world, stepped to the front and engaged Bond without the slightest inquiry as to the truth of the charges.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWSDEALERS!

Where, from any cause, obstacles are thrown in the way of selling the

Police Gazette and Week's Doings,

Newsdealers have simply to supply us with the names of subscribers, and we will in all cases mail the papers direct, allowing the dealer the same profit as though he handled them and sold them over his counter.

Send for circulars and blank subscription orders.

RICHARD E. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

H. S., Chicago.—Yes.

M. H., Selma, Ala.—No.

M. H., Salem, Mass.—Yes.

H. S., Baltimore, Md.—No.

D. S., Hooisic Falls, N. Y.—No.

H. Johnson, New York.—A loss.

J. M., Boston.—The race was won by Frank Hart.

M. M., Boston, Mass.—Yes; there are salt water trout.

D. M., Butte City, Montana.—Canada is in North America.

L. L., Stockton.—Send us your name and post-office address.

B. J., Brodie, N. C.—Send on \$1, and we will forward you the book.

L. S., Towanville, Pa.—William Madden was born in Marylebone, England.

J. J., Fort Dover, Canada.—The English Derby was first run for in 1780.

G. D., Boston, Mass.—The Dwyer Brothers paid \$15,000 for the race horse Hindoo.

J. B., Forest City, Mo.—Shanghai Connors, the pugilist, never fought Mike McCool.

J. G., Rochester, N. Y.—Nat Langham was the only pugilist who defeated Sayers.

A. CONSTANT READER.—The Standard Jewelry Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.

G. G., Columbus, Ohio.—Harry Kelly was the champion oarsman of England in 1868.

H. W., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The Brooklyn theatre was burned on Dec. 5, 1878. 2. Yes.

M. W., Duluth.—Matt. Rust, the pugilist, did keep a sporting house in Philadelphia in 1858.

H. G., Boston, Mass.—Mike Cleary and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan boxed at Philadelphia on July 4.

J. R., Milwaukee, Wis.—Tom King and John C. Heenan fought at Wadsworth, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863.

W. G., Philadelphia.—John Gilbert first appeared upon the stage on Nov. 28, 1828, at Boston.

L. H., Boston.—1. Jay-Ee-See's best record is 2:10. 2. He is almost a pony, weighing about 825 lbs.

D. M., Balston Spa.—The distance from New York city (Governor's Island to Albany), is 146 miles.

JOHN HYLAND, Wilbur, Ulster county, N. Y.—We have repeatedly denounced the first as a fraud.

McM. & B., Centralia.—Tommy Chandler was referee, and he declared that Sullivan was the winner.

C. L., Bradford, Pa.—Tom Cribb was the first pugilist on record to whom a champion belt was presented.

F. O. E., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—We have sent your complaint to the Postmaster for investigation.

G. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—The old Fashion Course was first opened by the National Jockey Club June 26, 1864.

D. G., Rochester, N. Y.—Duncan C. Ross holds the "Police Gazette" champion trophy for mixed wrestling.

J. L., Altoona, Pa.—B wine. It was on May 11, 1871, Jim Mac and Joe Coburn met to fight near Port Dover.

B. W., Port Jervis, N. Y.—Arthur Chambers, the pugilist, was never defeated by any pugilist in this country.

J. M. B., Jackson, Miss.—Paddy Ryan only fought twice in the prize ring, once with Joe Goss and once with Sullivan.

S. M., Seymour, Ind.—1. Jim Belcher died at the age of thirty-one. 2. James Hamill, the oarsman, died on Feb. 10, 1878.

L. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Sam Patch's last jump was made at the Genesee Falls, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1829, when he lost his life.

P. S., Boston, Mass.—Wm. B. Schaff defeated Evan Morris in a 6-mile race by one length, at Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1876.

W. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—Jim Mac was the champion belt of England which John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought for.

E. J. M., Juppelle, India.—The Agents' Supply Co. and Warren & Co., of Brooklyn, claim that your orders were filled.

J. D., Cleveland, Ohio.—W. B. Curtis, of the New York Athletic Club, has lifted 3,300 lbs in harness, and 1,230 lbs hand-lift.

E. M., Norfolk, Va.—Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is much larger than Prospect Park, Brooklyn, or Central Park, New York.

C. E., Boston, Mass.—The first steamboat sailed down the river Bridge was finished in 1849. 2. Croton water first ran into this city in 1842.

ROA' WILKINSON, What Cheer, Keokuk county, Iowa.—If you will state what goods you sent and paid for and did not receive, we will institute inquiries.

JOHN A. SPENCE, Vinton, Ia.—We cannot give you the information you desire. Correspondents must give name and address to command attention.

D. W., San Francisco.—Bill Lang's best time for running 1 mile, is 4m 17½s, made in a dead heat, with Bill Richards at Manchester, England, Aug. 19, 1865.

T. M., Kansas.—1. Ben Caunt never fought a battle in the prize ring in this country. 2. Yes, Ben Caunt was in this country, and gave sparring exhibitions.

J. S., Alto, Iowa.—1. Jim Robinson was champion bareback rider of America. 2. He was a son of John Robinson, the circus man. 3. We do not know where he was killed.

D. D., Leadville, Col.—Charley Mitchell was born in Birmingham, Eng. Joe Goss was born in Northampton, Eng., and Jim Mac was born at Swaffham, near Norwich, Eng.

E. E. S., Litchfield, Conn.—1. Send your name. 2. He does not keep a saloon at place named. You would be apt to learn his address by inserting an advertisement in the Gazette.

W. B., Indianapolis, St. John, N. B.—1. Goldsmith's Maid was nineteen years old when she trotted the best race of her life. 2. She has thrown three foals, two of which are alive.

JOHN K. WILLIAMS, No. 902 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.—Your complaint against Henry C. Bowen, M. D., the Aural Clinic, 177 Sixth avenue, New York, is under investigation.

G. H., New Haven, Conn.—1. Geo. Rooke's first fight in America, was with Tim Hussey. 2. The fight was decided at Boston, Oct. 3, 1866. 3. Rooke won in 14 rounds, lasting 30m. 4. Yes.

H. C., Augusta, Me.—1. Mike McCool fought eight battles in the prize ring. He won five and lost three of them. 2. Yes; he fought Tom Allen twice, and was defeated by Allen both times.

PETER WALL, No. 151 Decatur, New Orleans, La.—The World Manufacturing Co. are at No. 122, not 422, Nassau street, New York, and we have never known them to fall in filling an order.

P. H., Newark, N. J.—1. Yankee Sullivan and Vincent Hammond fought at League Island, near Philadelphia, on the 23 of September, 1841. Sullivan won in 8 rounds, lasting 10m. 2. No.

M. S. G., Rochester, N. Y.—Yale won the six-armed race against Harvard in 1864, and in 1865 Yale won, but the race was given to Harvard on a foul. Harvard, however, won in the five years following.

H. B., Peoria, Ill.—In the 6-day race between Dan O'Leary and E. P. Weston, in London, Eng., April 2-7, 1877, O'Leary won and covered 519 miles 1,565 yards, in 141m 10s; Weston only covered 510 miles.

E. S., Albany, N. Y.—1. Ethan Allen with his running mate, Soaks, beat Flora Temple in three straight heats on the Fashion Course, L. I., Sept. 5, 1861. 2. Ethan Allen went to wagon, and Flora Temple to harness.

J. S., Rockford, Ill.—1. Ned Hearles, the ex-champion, died at Sing Sing, N. Y., several years ago. 2. He never jumped 14 ft in a single standing-jump. His best record was 13 ft 5½ in, made in

a match with A. V. Loomis for \$2,000 and the championship, at Utica, N. Y.

P. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Harry Kelly defeated James Hamill twice on the Tyne, Eng., July 4 and 5, 1866, each race being for \$250 a side. First, straightaway, 4 miles 755 yards, won in 33:29. Second, 5 miles, one turn, in about 36:00.

M. B., Havre de Grace, Md.—1. Horses are more subject to disease when they are kept in a jaded and ground-down condition. 2. Boli tamarack bark and pour the liquid on a pallet of wheat bran and feed once night and morning.

M. M., Pittston, Pa.—1. Tom Hyer was the first champion pugilist of America, and he was born Jan. 1, 1819. 2. He beat Country McCloskey Sept. 9, 1841. 3. He beat Yankee Sullivan Feb. 7, 1849. 4. Yes. 5. He died Jan. 26, 1863. 6. No.

J. S., Bordentown, N. J.—Tom Sayers and Aaron Jones fought for \$1,000, Jan. 6, 1857. Darkness came on and the battle was declared a draw. They fought again on Feb. 19, 1857, for \$2,000, Sayers being the winner in 85 rounds, lasting 2h.

B. M., Baltimore, Md.—Johnny Roche and Johnny Newell, the former of New York and the latter of Pittsburgh, seconded Sam Collyer when he fought Billy Kelly for \$5,000 and the light-weight championship, at Strickland, Pa., Nov. 27, 1867.

G. S., Trenton, N. J.—1. The medal Dan O'Leary was presented with at a banquet at the Union Square Hotel, New York, in August, 1875, was presented by the residents of the First and Seventh wards, who jointly contributed. 2. Yes.

P. S., Olean, N. Y.—Buy the "American Athlete," published by Richard E. Fox. Moderation in living, regular diet, exercise with the skipping-rope, Indian clubs and dumb-bells, and cold water bathing combined will do great things for you.

S. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Foxhall carried 110 lbs when he won the Cesarewitch. It has been run for 43 times. 2. The highest weight carried was in 1860 by Robert the Devil, 118 lbs, when he beat Cipolatti (5), 106 lbs, Faugh-a-Ballagh, 113 lbs, etc.

W. G., Harlem, N. Y.—1. Wm. H. Dancer who won the Cotton Diamond Belt in the six-day race at San Francisco, May 14 to 20, 1881, and covered 518 miles. 2. He was born at Manchester, Eng., in 1841. He stands 5 ft 7½ in in height, and weighs 135 lbs.

J. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—Billy Dwyer defeated Johnny Walker of Nottingham, England, for \$1,000 in California, Oct. 6, 1868. They fought 103 rounds in 3 hours. Walker's seconds were Billy Clark and Joe Winrow. Dwyer's were Tom O'Donnell and Jerry Sullivan.

W. S. B., Olean, N. Y.—Richard A. Pennell stands 5 ft 11½ in in height, and weighs in the neighborhood of 180 lbs. On Jan. 31, 1874, in New York, he elevated a 301½-pound dumb-bell; he used both hands to raise the bell to the shoulder, and then slowly pushed it up with one hand.

M. H. S., Holyoke, Mass.—1. Leander Richardson. 2. Daniel McFarlane shot Albert D. Richardson, at the Triforce office, Nov. 24, 1868, at 4:45 P. M. 3. He died Dec. 3, 1868. 4. Richardson was married to Abbey Sage McFarlane on Nov. 26, 1868, six days after the shooting. 5. McFarlane was acquitted.

A. M., Clifton, N. Y.—A wine. Hanlan was not the first single-scutt oarsman that went to England and won a public match race. On Nov. 19, 1868, Walter Brown, of Portland, Me., who was born at Newburgh, N. Y., went to England and defeated Wm. Sadler in a 3-mile (715 yards) race, on the Tyne, winning easily.

W. S., Evansville, Md.—1. Tom Hyer and Country McCloskey fought on Sept. 9, 1841, to settle an old dispute. The battle took place near Caldwell's landing, on the Hudson river, and lasted 2h 2m, and 101 rounds were fought. Both men were unprepared, and had to battle under a burning sun. The fight was given to Hyer. 2. Yes. 3. No.

D. D., Baltimore, Md.—1. Tom Sayers only suffered defeat on one occasion, when he was beaten by Nat. Langham in 61 rounds, lasting 2h 2m. 2. Langham was nearly crazy with joy over whipping Sayers, while the latter wept like a child over his unlooked-for defeat. Sayers tried hard to induce Langham to fight again, but he refused, knowing that Sayers could whip him.

D. S., Philadelphia.—1. Dan Donnelly never held the champion belt of England. 2. Donnelly fought three battles, defeating his opponent in each. Those were Tom Hall, for 100 guineas at Kildare, Sept. 14, 1814, Donnelly winning in 15 rounds. Cooper for 60 guineas, in 22m at Kildare, Ireland, Dec. 13, 1815, and Tom Oliver for 100 guineas, at Crawley, England, July 21, 1819.

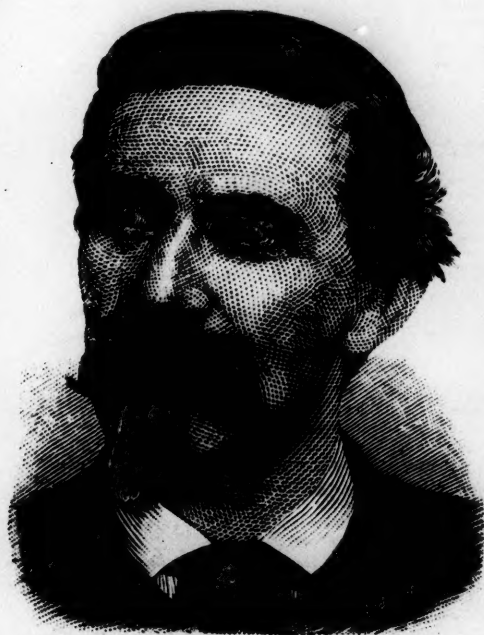
A. B., Tombstone, Arizona.—The Pilot monument in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., was erected in memory of Thos. Freeborn, a once noted mariner, who, on Feb. 14, 1846, attempted to pilot the ship John McInturn. She was driven on the Jersey shore, and Freeborn with nearly all the ship's crew were drowned, though close to the beach within hailing distance of hundreds who could not render any assistance.

W. C., Lexington, Ky.—The Dwyers were the largest winners on the turf in 1883, and they won more purses and stakes than any owner of race-horses in England. The largest winner in England was C. J. Lefevre, who won \$98,633.70.

A Keen Scent For Rascals.

Rockaway Beach has lately been infested with pickpockets from New York. Detectives from this city and the uniformed police of the place have been unable for some time to ferret out the thieves, but the hotel-keepers and citizens took the matter in hand and organized a Protective Association.

On Saturday afternoon, July 12, it got noised about over the beach that the gang of pickpockets were down again, and that several persons had been robbed. Mr. Datz, proprietor of the Rockaway Metropolitan Hotel, and Senator Oakley, President of the New York and Woodhaven and Rockaway Beach Railroad, members of the Protective Association, recognized several of the thieves and chased them down to Holland's Station, which is about half



WILL, HAGUE,

CITY CLERK OF PATERSON, N. J., WHO HAS DISAPPEARED AND IS FOUND SHORT.

way between Sea Beach Station and Hammel's Station. The thieves took to the brush, which is thick and high, and for the time escaped.

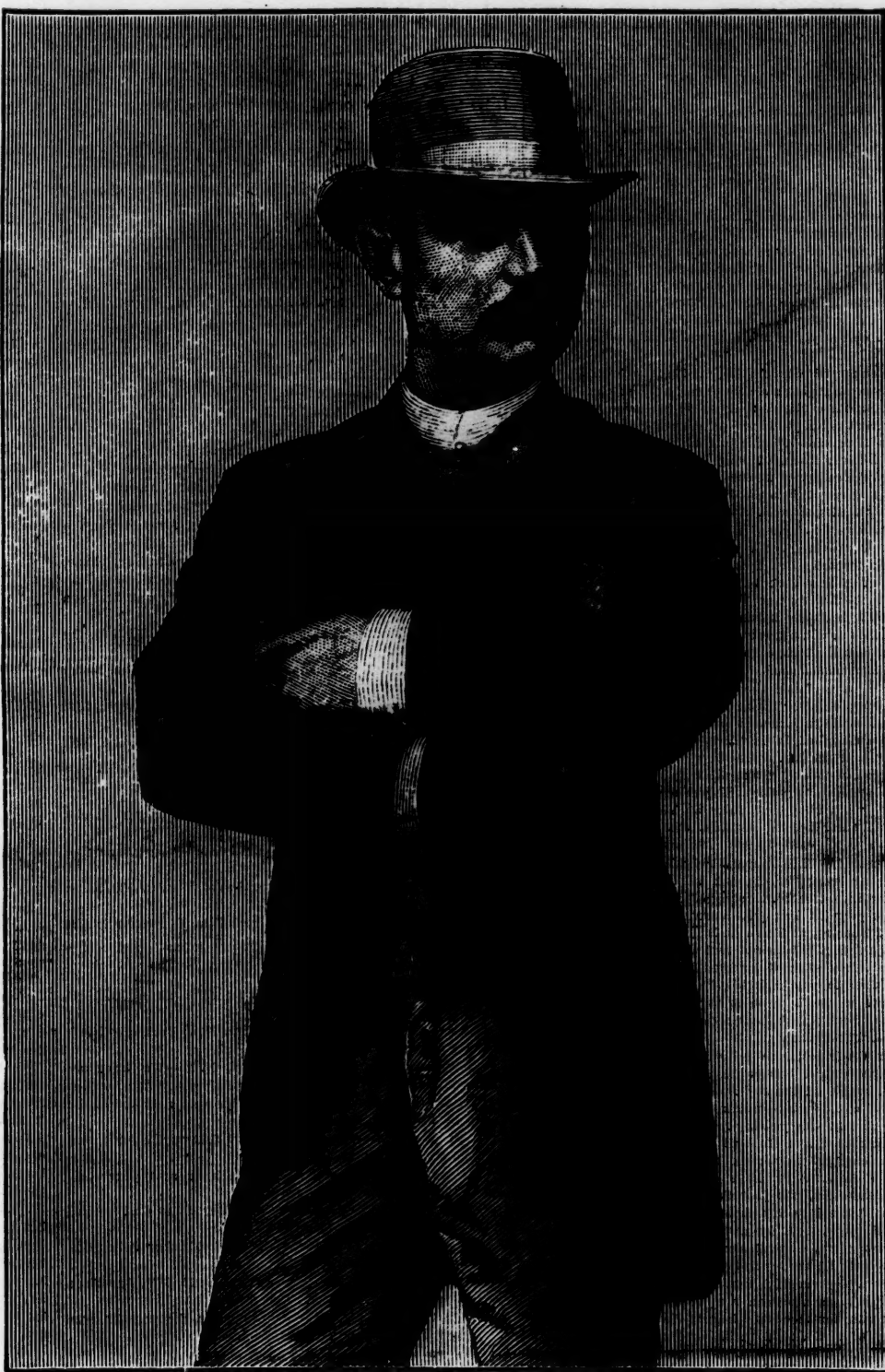
Later in the day the same men were discovered on a train leaving for New York. Two were found in the act of robbing the passengers. Senator Oakley, after a desperate fight, captured one of them, and the other got off the car in a hurry.

Mr. Datz jumped from the car, and went flying after him. The man turned eastward from the railroad track, and made for the brush near the residence of Mr. Louis Dodge. Mr. Datz was not more than twenty-five feet from him when he disappeared. Then came a sharp report, and a bullet whizzed by him. Mr. Datz recklessly ran to where he had last seen the man, and another bullet came toward him. He caught sight of the thief and fired. The man dropped, and he thought that he had hit him. He ran forward, when the man fired again at him at short range.

Mr. Datz fired in return, and, although shots were exchanged until both pistols were empty, neither of them was hit. The thief concealed himself in the brush, and would not have been found if Mr. Dodge had not come to Mr. Datz's assistance with a shaggy dog of the blood-hound species, which hunted the man out. He was made a prisoner, and, with the tall man whom Senator Oakley had managed to make captive, was taken to Long Island City, where they were locked up.

Will. Hague Skips.

While city officials were skipping all around with boodles, Will. Hague, the City Clerk of Paterson, thought it was time for him to get in his fine work. So he lit out, but he didn't work it quite fine enough, for he got away with only \$1,500. He left on June 2, thus breaking a high social record most disastrously. He had served several terms as City Clerk, and had still the bulge in political and social circles when he left with his little boodle. His friends, however,



JOSEPH WHEELLOCK,

THE WELL-KNOWN TRAGEDIAN AND LEADING MAN OF MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

[Photo by Sarony.]

think he will come back, since the funds that are missing are so small.

William McGowan.

We publish this week a portrait of William McGowan, the well-known sporting man, who was shot and instantly killed in Baltimore on July 8. His death has been previously described in the POLICE GAZETTE, and the coroner's jury's verdict was to the effect that the shot was supposed to have been fired by Augustus Slater, a young man well known in sporting circles.

"Prince" McGowan, as he was generally called, was very popular with his friends, and they numbered hundreds. When he was sober no one could be more gentlemanly than he. No man had a kinder heart or was more liberal.



WILLIAM MCGOWAN,

THE WELL-KNOWN BALTIMORE SPORTING MAN, RECENTLY KILLED IN THAT CITY.

A beggar never asked him for help and was turned away empty-handed. He never passed a sister of charity without making his offering to her. During the small-pox scare, a year or two ago, he supported two afflicted families in his neighborhood for weeks. He was the kindest of husbands, and leaves a charming wife. The wife never saw her husband under the influence of liquor. He never came near her except when sober.

It was only when he was drinking that the "Prince" was not himself—in fact, then he was crazy. He lost complete control of himself. As his pistol was his first resort, he was considered a very dangerous man in that condition. Slater's friends are unanimously of the opinion that he would never have fired at McGowan did he not think his own life was in danger. The whole affair is a sad temperance lecture.

It is only the good fellows who thus fall victims to rum.

A Murder For Love.

Two years ago a man named Vanderburg, aged forty-five, residing in Detroit, Mich., married a girl, aged nineteen, the step-daughter of his employer, named Scott. After the marriage Vanderburg detected that Oscar Scott, the son of his employer, was unduly intimate with the bride, and a slight row was the result. In January last Oscar and Vanderburg left home in search of employment in the lumber camps in the northern woods. In a few days Oscar returned and reported that Vanderburg had left him, but he had no knowledge of where he had gone. His wife about the same time gave out that her husband had deserted her, and she removed to Edmore, Montcalm county.

On July 2, the body of the murdered Vanderburg was found in a well on the premises where Scott and the false wife were living. The paramour committed suicide when the discovery was made.

CHICAGO girls' feet may be not stylish, but they are knobby.



A KEEN SCENT FOR RASCALS.

HOW A LONG ISLAND DOG AIDED IN THE CAPTURE OF A PICKPOCKET WHO HAD BEEN WORKING THE RAILROAD TRAINS AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.



DAVID LEVY.

A WELL-KNOWN SPORT, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "PACIFIC LIFE," OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

George Young, the English Pugilist.

The subject of this sketch was born in London, Eng., Feb. 18, 1857, was apprenticed to a morocco and leather finisher, which trade he followed up to his twenty-first year. He first entered the ring against Dennis Ivey, of London, on June 4, 1878. They fought for £10 a side, the fight lasting seven rounds, occupying 32 minutes, and being won by Young. He was next matched with Tarty Pats, of London, for £25 a side. They fought in London, Feb. 18, 1879, forty-four rounds, occupying 2 hours 18 minutes. This ended in a draw. He

met Sam Fitch, of London, for £15 a side, on Dec. 2, 1879. After five short rounds he was declared the winner. He next received £5 forfeit from Spunmy Spree, of Chatham, then fought Tommy Monk, of Birmingham, for £25 a side, March 1, 1881, the battle ending in a draw through police interference, only six rounds having been fought when the affair was stopped.

David Levy.

The subject of this sketch, whose portrait we publish in this issue, is one of the rare good fellows and thorough sports whose genial good nature and companionable qualities make them typical of the pleasures of the field to which they are devoted. Mr. Levy is the proprietor of the *Pacific Life*, and, as his picture shows, is a rare good one in outward show, though he cuts white all through and pans out as well mentally to those who are favored with his acquaintance as he does physically to those who are not his intimates.

Capt. Downey Hunt,

One of the leading sporting men of Nashville, Tenn., has a remarkable history. At the breaking out of the late civil war he entered the Confederate service at the age of sixteen years. Owing to repeated acts of bravery he was rapidly promoted to the rank of captain. The brilliant career of the young soldier was brought to a sudden termination at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. While leading a charge at the head of his company he had his right leg carried away by a shell. Thus disabled and disqualified for martial service, he fixed his interest on sports. He has become a leader in sporting affairs in Nashville, and is considered

a final authority in such matters.

William T. Brown.

William T. Brown has been engaged in driving trotters in Ohio and over circuits for eleven years past. He has handled many that have been winners in slower time than 2:30, also a number within that charmed circle. In meetings he first appeared with the white stallion, White Cloud, record 2:30; next with Kitty Fisher, a bay mare, record 2:29; the brown mare, Sadie H. (formerly Lotta), by Medoc, trial 2:19, record 2:30; the chestnut stallion, Key West (formerly Andrews), record 2:28; the latter two are owned by C. C. Hoffman.

Low-Necked Gowns.

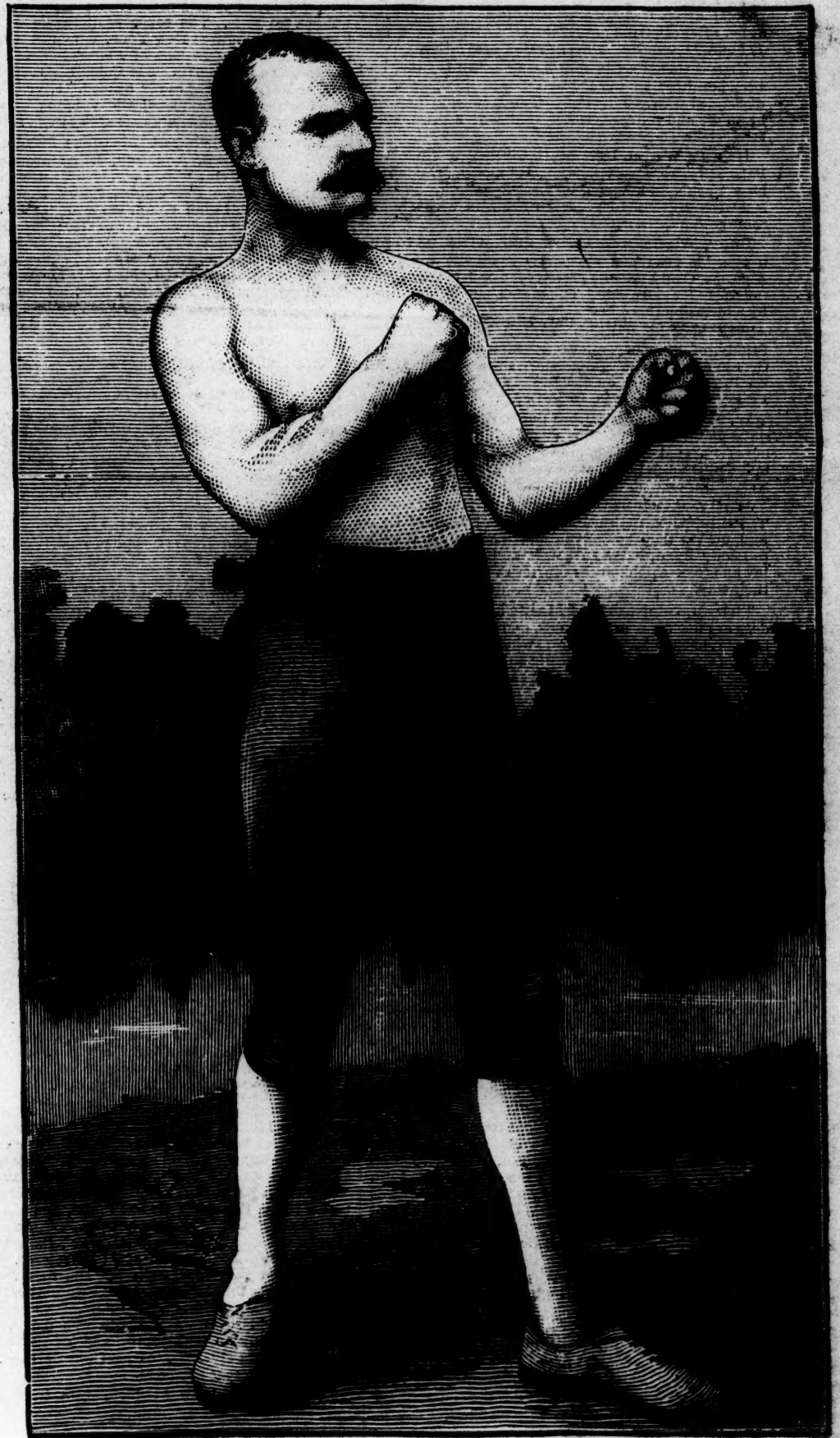
The London press is beginning to make game of the scrawny necks displayed by the nobility on social occasions. A London correspondent writes us: "In England the female evening or full dress is, and always has been, *de rigueur*, décolleté. It is the established court dress of the English Court, and there never has been a sovereign so strict in the rules and regulations which enforce its observance as Queen Victoria. The Queen herself in her best days was never alarmingly reluctant as to the extent of her own display of those womanly charms with the possession of which she is in no small degree accredited. Her daughters, too, when in evening dress, are quite lavish in an exhibition

which leaves but little to the imagination. Especially may this be said to be the case with the Princess Louise. And, indeed, she can hardly be blamed for not seeking to conceal one of the most rounded, plump and satiny necks and pairs of shoulders and the most billowy bosoms in the United Kingdom.



CAPTAIN DOWNEY HUNT,

A SPORTING LEADER OF NASHVILLE, TENN.



GEORGE YOUNG,

THE PLUCKY ENGLISH PUGILIST.



WILLIAM T. BROWN,

THE EXPERT HANDLER OF FAMED TROTTERS.

SPORTING NEWS.

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\$1.50.

The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX. Beware of imitations. Liberal discount to agents.

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

THE owner of Bob Cook, who ran third in the American Derby, has refused \$10,000 for him.

ED. NEWKIRK, of Pittsburg, Pa., challenges Herbert or Hapenny to a half-mile run for \$250 a side.

TOM CANNON and Prof. T. Bauer are to wrestle on the Pacific Slope, of course, for a large stake.

THE sporting house of Clarence Whistler, the wrestler, in San Francisco, was sold out by the sheriff lately.

HARRY HILL has engaged a number of boxers and athletes to appear every night at his sporting theatre in Houston street.

JEM MACE's pot-boy, the "Stiff 'Un," of Norwich, England, arrived in this city Saturday, July 12, on the Grecian Monarch from Liverpool.

THE Travers stakes at Saratoga will end in a great finish between St. Sauveur and Panique. If the track is heavy, though, Ratsaplan will win.

DICK HOLLYWOOD, the retired feather-weight champion of America, now keeps a sporting house at West Brighton, S. I., and is doing a flourishing business.

WHAT is the matter with Dufur and McLaughlin? Is wrestling too hard work this hot weather, or have they given up the idea of wrestling out those thirteen matches?

THE steamship Oregon left New York on June 25 and arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, July 2, her time, after allowing for difference, having been 6 days 15 hours 11 minutes. Distance run, 2,365 miles.

THE Atlantic Club, of Long Island City, has been admitted to the Eastern League in place of the disbanded Harriburg Club. The new club has fine grounds, and a grand stand that will accommodate 5,000 is being erected.

HARRY WEBB, late of the "Police Gazette" Palace theatre, Leadville, Col., at present a resident of New York, and manager of Jack Burke, the pugilist, last week presented Mr. Richard K. Fox with a handsome gold-headed cane.

PROF. WALTER WATSON authorizes us to announce his readiness to spar any middle weight in America, George Rooke preferred, 4 or 6 rounds or to the finish for \$500 a side. The match can be arranged by addressing this office.

THE second scullers' match between Peter Priddy, of Pittsburg, nineteen years old, 133 lbs., and George Altmeier, of McKeesport, twenty-seven years, 165 lbs., was rowed on the Braddock course July 5. Priddy won by 9 lengths in 21m 45/100s.

W. J. WELCH, in whose name Jim Renwick's stake nomination stands, is dead, and the great race-horse is barred out of numerous events. It does not make much difference, for, in nearly all of them, the weight imposed on him would have beaten him.

JIMMY PATTERSON, Bernard F. Martin, John T. Kelly, Alex. Smith, Joe Young and John M. Oakford, did the Chicago Convention. They return thanks to Paddy Ryan, Patsy Fallon, Mike Lawler, Tom Curley and Geo. Appleton for courtesies extended during their stay.

THE Supreme Court of Maine has decided that dogs are not domestic animals, and that one cannot be convicted under the law which relates to the killing or wounding of domestic animals for killing a dog. A dissenting opinion is given by ex-Chief Justice Appleton.

SEVERAL colored gentlemen, residents of the Twelfth ward, have organized a baseball club under the name "Lone Stars." They challenge any colored nine in America to a match game of ball, for anything from a "melon" to \$100 a side. Morris Edward Wilson, of 114 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street, is captain.

THIS season of the great trotting circuit series includes Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Hartford, Springfield, Providence and Albany, with Exposition Park at Allegheny filling the gap between Homewood and Cleveland. Two weeks will intervene between Providence and Albany, which will be acceptable as a breathing spell after the long campaign Eastward.

COL. E. F. KEENAN, of the Old Fountain, Little Catherine street, Strand, London, Eng., and special London correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE, has bought the noted "Crown Tavern," opposite the sportsman, Fleet street, also. This latter hostelry will be the headquarters of the leading sportsmen of England and America. Tom Barley, George Probert and W. Fossett, of Boston, Mass., are stopping with Mr. Keenan.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—Since Tom Barry, who claims the middle-weight championship of California, refuses to fight me again, I now challenge any man in Montana, John Murphy or Jim 'Cusie' preferred, to fight for \$250 or \$500 a side, with or without gloves. Weight not to exceed 150 lbs. I will allow \$100 for expenses, or will take the same. Hoping you will give this space in your valuable paper, I am etc.,

HARRY DOWNIE.

Address all communications care of James Smith, Bijou theatre, Seattle, Washington Territory.

THERE was a first-class exhibition of athletic sports given at White Bear near St. Paul, Minn., on July 4. The most interesting feature of the sports was the boxing contest between Louie Liverpool (colored) and E. A. La Dow. The former wore gloves blackened with lamp-black, while the latter used whittened gloves. At the very outset Louie got one in on La Dow which blackened the latter's face completely on one side, and a moment after the black man began to turn white. In the second round Liverpool was nearly as white as his gauze shirt and La Dow very nearly resembled the colored man before the contest commenced.

THE veteran trainer, Happy Jack Smith, will be tendered a benefit at Frank White's "Champions' Rest," 233 Bowery, this city, on Wednesday evening, July 23. Jack Dempsey, Mike Henry and a number of other well-known pugilists will set-to. Gus Hill will give an exhibition of club-swinging. Steve O'Donnell and Wm. Johnson will give an exhibition wrestle, collar-and-elbow style. The wind-up will be a 4-round glove contest, between Mike Donovan, of Brooklyn, and Prof. Jack Smith, of Canada. Jack is under the weather, having met with a severe accident several weeks ago. Give him a lift.

WE have received the following challenge from Edwin Decker, the famous wrestler, who is now an aspirant for the championship:

LAWRENCE, MASS., JULY 11, 1884.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—The wrestling match between John McMahon and myself, at Lawrence, July 2, being very unsatisfactory to me, I hereby challenge McMahon to wrestle collar-and-elbow, best two in three square back falls, to be wrestled to a finish, for \$500 a side, any time after one week and within three months. I mean business and back this up with \$100 forfeit. EDWIN DECKER.

Now, then, Mr. McMahon.

RECENTLY, at Prescott, Canada, the firemen held a tournament. In the Steam fire-engine contest—Prescott beat Ogdensburg, N. Y. Hand-engine contest—Brockville beat Morrisburg. Hose-reel race, 300 yards—Brockville, first, in 1m 14s; Morrisburg, second, in 1m 28s; Ogdensburg, third, 2m. Two hours' go-as-you-please race—Peter Oak, first; Lever, second. Cigar race, 400 yards—Allan Wilson, first. One hundred yards' run, open—Hendall, first, in 11 1/2s; Brown, second. One hundred yards' firemen's race—Obey, first. Football match—Prescott, first; High School, second. Quilt match—S. Allan, first; E. Mundle, second, and Nettleton, third.

On July 12 Richard K. Fox received a check for \$250 forfeit, and the following challenge:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 10, 1884.

I hereby challenge Joseph Acton, of Philadelphia, to wrestle me a mixed match, according to the championship rules governing the "Police Gazette" trophy, for \$500 or \$1,000. I will allow Acton \$100 for expenses if he will agree to wrestle in Cleveland, Ohio. Find inclosed \$250 as forfeit, and all Mr. Acton has to do is to cover my money and the match is as good as made. If Acton backs out he should forever shut up about offering to bet \$500 to my \$400.

DUNCAN C. ROSS.

RECENTLY, the eight-oared shell race for the Sharpless cup, over the National course on the Schuylkill river, was won by the Columbia, of Washington, D. C. Time, 8m 6 1/2s, the fastest time ever made over the course, which is 1 1/4 miles straightaway. The University of Pennsylvania crew was second. Time, 8m 11 1/4s. The other participants in the race were the Atlanta of New York, who finished a good third, and the Crescent of Philadelphia. The latter crew was a bad fourth. The Columbia took the lead at the start, and was never headed. Four of the University's eight comprised the winning crew of the four-oared intercollegiate race at Saratoga recently.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following parties: Saml. Anderson, L. Alanzopania, Doc. Baggs, Mr. Calvin, Wm. Daly, owner of fighting-dog Ned; Miss Annie Duncombe, Frank Downee, Wm. Edwards, Australian champion walker; Jas. Faulkner, champion light-weight wrestler; Ed. Gates (2), Dick Garvin, John Kinlock (3), Thos. King (2), Geo. W. Lee, Geo. Lake, Harry Munroe, club-swinging; R. W. Myer, Wm. Mantell, Michael McCarthy, Wm. Muldoon (2), Chas. Pridgeton, Mlle. St. Quentin, J. C. Seymour, Miss Katie Stokes, Wm. Stoops, A. L. Smith, John Roonan (2), H. Robinson (3), June Rankin, Miss Minnie Vernon, Harry Woodson.

THE following explains itself:

BLACK HAWK, COL., JULY 7, 1884.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—In the POLICE GAZETTE, dated July 12, you quote me as having declared myself ready to walk any man in America 50 miles for \$1,000—a statement I never made, and would thank you to correct as follows: I offered to walk Ed. Holske 100 miles for any reasonable amount, or to walk William Edwards from 75 miles to a 24-hour race for \$500 a side, both matches to come off in Denver, Col. Since I defeated Edwards in the Denver six-day race there has been nothing further said about making matches.

GUS OLMSTED.

THE following explains itself:

SCRANTON, PA., JULY 15, 1884.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I, Hubert Johnson, of Scranton, Pa., do hereby challenge Patsy Hogan, of Scranton, to fight me a fair stand-up fight without gloves, London prize ring rules to govern, for from \$250 to \$500 aside. The said fight to come off six weeks from signing articles, and to be fought within 100 miles of Scranton. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, to appoint the referee and name the battle-ground. To prove I mean business I have posted \$10 with Mr. Fox, and will meet you at the POLICE GAZETTE office any time within thirty days to make the match.

HUBERT JOHNSON.

THE regatta at Oak Point in August promises to be a very interesting affair. The programme will comprise a single-scull race for juniors; a single-scull race, open to all amateurs, for the "Police Gazette" cup, emblematic of the amateur rowing championship of the world, which trophy James Pilkington won last year; a pair-oared gig race; four-oared shell race, and an eight-oared shell race. The distances in all the races will be a mile and a half, with the exception of the race for the "Police Gazette" cup, which will be two miles. The prizes will be gold medals and valuable cups. Entries close July 25, at Messrs. Pilkington & Nagle's Golden Oar, Harlem. Judging from the programme, amateur oarsmen from all parts of the country will compete in the regatta.

AT Orange Valley, N. J., on the evening of the 14th, Henry Wetherling, 6 ft 1 in in height, and weighing 195 lbs., and Wm. Booth, 5 ft 10 in in height, and weighing 180 lbs., fought with the "bare ones" for \$50 a side, Matt. Flood backing Big Pete, and Tom Vaughan backing Booth. The fight took place in the woods up on the mountain at 7 P. M., and lasted 25m, during which they fought 11 rounds. Both men were in splendid condition. Dennis Leahy, the champion 100-yard runner of Orange, acted as referee. The result seemed very uncertain for the first 7 rounds. Booth getting first blood, and Big Pete the first knock-down. But after the eighth round, Pete seemed to have it all his own way. Booth was dazed, but he stuck pluckily to it until the end of the eleventh round, when Pete knocked him out of time. Both men were severely punished.

THE Staten Island Athletic Club had its annual regatta at New Brighton, S. I., recently, on the Kill Von Kull. The races were rowed over a 1-mile course. The senior single-scull race was won by H. W. Jansen in 6m 54s. In the pair-oared shell race, H. W. Jansen and W. W. Magee won by 2 rods in 6m 3s. The junior scull race was won by H. S. Tyndale in 6m 10s. The four-oared gig race was won by the white,

J. W. Magee, coxswain, by a length in 5m 22s. The good steering of the white in the four-oared shell race, W. J. N. Roberts, bow, gave them the race by two lengths in 5m 30s. In the four oared barge race, all worked hard for 4th pennant. The red, E. W. Gould, Jr., coxswain, won by four lengths in 6m 4s. The eight-oared shell race, straight 1 mile, course from Constable Hook to the boat-house, between married and single men, was won by the latter, after a close contest, in 3m 42s.

CHICAGO, July 9, 1884.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—I am here at the Convention and stopping with Paddy Ryan. He authorizes me to make a match for him when I go home with Sullivan, 4 rounds, at Madison Square Garden or the Polo Grounds. He will bet \$1,000 himself, and he has got it. He is doing a tremendous business and taking the best care of himself. I never saw him looking so well. It would surprise you to see him—no soft flesh about him and as straight as a reed. He has a host of friends in this town, and it is only the "N. G." that talk about him. People say he is better without their friendship. You know how it is yourself—a man cannot please everybody. That class of people he does not cater to. As soon as I return I will call and see you and tell you more.

Y. URS, JIMMY PATTERSON,

Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue, N. Y. city.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 7, 1884.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Sir—Having just read your account of my fight with Patsy Mellon on June 15, I wish to rectify some mistakes. I intended to send you the true account, but as I see some party has given you the wrong version, you will oblige me by publishing the following in your valuable paper. The fight was mine from the beginning to the fourteenth round, and best of 25 to 5 went begging. In the third or fourth round I knocked my right hand up, and without saving anything to my seconds I fought 10 rounds with the left hand, knocking my man down three or four times. In the twelfth round I punched him into his corner: he dropped his hands, and as he was sitting on a cushion a foot from the ground I went to finish him, when his second jumped over the ropes and got between us, and after fighting about 40m with one hand I got tired out and lost the fight that was mine but for my accident. I was not knocked out, nor was I once knocked down. I did not care about the defeat under the circumstances, but did not want you to have such a one-sided version of the affair.

JACK KEEFE,

Philadelphia, Pa.

THE 5-mile single-scull race between Teemer and Conley for \$1,000 was rowed on Lake Sebago, Me., on July 7. There was not a large crowd present at the course, but what there was represented money, and it was put up freely. Before starting odds were offered by Teemer's friends of 10 to 7, 50 to 40 and 100 to 80. At these rates all offered bets were taken. Eph. Morris and William Spellman acted as judges at the start, and John Buckley and M. G. Davis judges at the lower stake-boat. Peter O'Connor, of Portland, was referee. The race was well contested during the first two and a half miles. Teemer turned the stake-boat in 15m 50s from start, and Conley in 15m 58s. Conley was pulling a thirty-two stroke after he turned the stake-boat, and Teemer a thirty-six stroke. Teemer made the best turn, Conley starting away before he was fairly round. Conley lost time also by poor steering. Conley spurted handsomely after they were squared away for home, but could not overcome Teemer's lead, which was increased when Teemer in turn spurted. At 4 1/4 miles from the start Teemer manifested a disposition to play with his opponent, but again Conley spurted and came up close. The last quarter of a mile was most exciting. Teemer lost his lead of from three to four lengths and came in a scant length ahead. Time, 34m 10s. Conley was 2 1/2s behind. Conley's friends paid over about \$7,000 on the result.

THE annual games of the Printers' Benevolent Association, at Washington Park, New York, on July 12, were a grand success. The events which formed the programme are as follows: Quarter Mile Run (boys)—John Fredericks (scratch), first; Thomas O'Neill second. One Hundred Yards' Run—First heat: T. J. Convey, P. A. C. (3 yards) won. Second heat: J. G. Mason, W. A. C. (3 yards), won; E. G. Jones, Brooklyn, was second. Final heat: Mason won, Convey, second. Hop-Step-and-Jump—J. J. O'Brien won at 38 ft 2 in. Mile Run—J. F. Delaney, W. A. C. (scratch), won; G. Stonebridge, L. I. (40 yards), second. Standing Broad Jump—J. Bridgents (scratch) won, 9 ft 3 in; E. G. Jones was second. Two hundred and Twenty Yards' Run (fat men)—N. Newman (221 lbs) won; W. Cox (206 lbs), second. Half-Mile Run—T. McCaul won. Running High Jump—J. F. Anderson (41m) won at 5 ft 2 in. Mile Walk—M. Austin, A. A. B. (33s), won; R. McCausland, W. A. C. (scratch), was second. Two Hundred and Twenty Yards' Run—J. J. O'Brien (scratch) won; Geo. M. Rogers (scratch) was second. Pole-Leaping—E. D. Lange (2 ft 6 in) won at 10 ft. Hurdle Race of a Quarter-Mile—J. G. Mason, W. A. C. (scratch), won; G. Stonebridge, L. I. (12 yards), was second.

TOM KELLY, the pugilist who seconded Mike McCool when he fought Tom Allen, and was also one of Paddy Ryan's seconds when he fought John L. Sullivan for the championship and \$5,000, says the fact of George Rooke knocking out Bill England proves that the old stock of English pugilists has run out, and the pugilists now coming from England are not of the quality they used to be. "In 1884," says he, "I challenged George Rooke to fight for the middle weight championship (weights below 154), and to make good the challenge, I deposited \$100 with the Copper. Rooke refused to come to the front, however, and nothing came of my challenge. At that time, although he was perhaps twice the man he is to-day, he was no match for Tom Allen and others who were being sent here from England. Why even now Allen could beat Rooke, and to think of that individual cleaning out England, who was sent here especially to face the 'Boston Boy.' Some time ago I said the English crop of good men was played out, and the man to beat Sullivan must be found on this side. The defeat of England corroborated my opinion, and I would advise those who are trying to find a match for the 'Boston Boy' not to cross the water, but to look right here for their man."

THE following is a list of visitors to the POLICE GAZETTE office for the past week: Senators Harrigan and Murphy, and Ed. N. Laffey, Pilot Commissioner, San Francisco, Cal.; Robt. F. Pointer, Wm. F. McCoy, D. P. Foster, Geo. Rooke, Henry Peterson, oarsman, San Francisco, Cal.; Happy Jack Smith, A. E. Wood; S. W. Hanley, Stewart, Iowa; E. T. Reddick, Baltimore, Md.; Frank Cryslar, Jimmy Patterson; James Pilkington, Oak Point, N. Y.; Harry Jennings, A. C. Butts, Geo. E. Boyles, J. B. Wilson; Wald. Hanson, Glasgow, Scotland; Tom Henry, Ed. Haggerty, Bob Flynn, Bob Smith, Steve O'Donnell, Gus Hill; Jimmy Donnelly, Campbell, N. Y.; Mart. Malone, Geo. Fulljames, Matt. H. Moore; Mal. John A. Butler, Randall's Island, N. Y.; Gus Tutill, Warren Lewis, Leonard Tracy, Martin Dempsey, Jack Dempsey; Alf. Power, of London, Eng. Dempsey's trainer; Thos. Taylor, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Henry Seelig, Sig. Butler; Joe Holden, Theatre Comique,

Denver, Col.; Harry Webb, Hughey McCoy, Hen. Peckham; John McMahon, champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the world; H. A. Rosenberg, New York Herald; C. Ostich, interpreter, Havana, Cuba; Geo. B. Wheeler, Pennsylvania; Geo. Williams; Joe Woolley, Newark, N. J.

EVERY one is well aware that Messrs. Pilkington & Nagle deposited with Richard K. Fox \$2,500 as stakes for a sculling match between Chas. E. Courtney and Wallace Ross at Oak Point, New York, on May 30, the winner to receive \$2,000 and the loser \$500. It will be remembered, too, Courtney refused to row after twice fooling the general and sporting public. Finally, when he found he had got tangled up in another of his disgraceful fizzes, he tried to squirm out of the scrape by falsehood. He had the assurance to declare that Messrs. Pilkington & Nagle did not put up the money reported to have been deposited. This was too much. The ten leading oarsmen of this continent were so disgusted with his conduct that they convened at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and at the suggestion of Richard K. Fox, framed a set of resolutions to the effect that they decided that they will not row in either match races with Courtney, or in regattas in which he is entered. One would have supposed Courtney would have retired altogether—if not from shame, then assuredly after such a slap in the face as this. But he isn't of that kind. With abnormal assurance he recently issued a challenge to row Wallace Ross a 5-mile race at Saratoga for \$1,000 a side. Ross was one of the ten oarsmen who signed the Courtney bar-out resolution, and in reply to the champion of rowing fizzes Ross sent word to Courtney that he could not accept, forwarding him, in proof of his statement, a copy of the agreement he had signed, which runs as follows:

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE,
NEW YORK, June 16, 1884.

To the Public:

In view of the public career of Charles E. Courtney for several years past, and particularly because he has done so much to disgrace professional sculling, we, the undersigned, in order to protect ourselves and encourage square, manly rowing, hereby pledge ourselves never to, in any respect, associate or connect ourselves with said Courtney, either by rowing with or against him at regattas or elsewhere. Respectfully,

WALLACE ROSS, GEORGE W. LEE,
FRED. A. FLAISTER, H. PATTERSON,
GEORGE H. HOSMER, JAMES A. TEN EYCK,
ALBERT HAMM, JOHN TEEMER,
GEORGE GARNER, JAMES H. RILEY.

Courtney must have been terribly pained when he received the above agreement, but he deserves all he got in a way of disrepute, and more, for his conduct as an oarsman.

SOME time ago Edwin Bibby, the famous catch-as-catch-can wrestler, stated he was ready to arrange a match with Joe Acton to wrestle for the catch-as-catch-can championship of the world. Acton, on being made aware that his old rival was eager to again contend with him in a match for the catch-as-catch-can championship, which title Acton holds, at once forwarded \$100 to Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office with the following challenge:

PASTIME PARK, Bellevue, Pa.,
July 8, 1884.

TO the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: Having learned that Edwin Bibby is eager to arrange a match to wrestle me catch-as-catch-can for five hundred (\$500) dollars a side and the championship of the world, I will consider it a favor if you will inform Edwin Bibby that I shall only be too glad to wrestle him at catch weights at the style he names for from five hundred (\$500) dollars to one thousand (\$1,000) dollars a side. To prove I mean business, I forward one hundred (\$100) dollars forfeit to Richard K. Fox for Bibby to cover. I will wrestle Bibby four weeks from signing articles, best 2 in 3 falls, Lancashire style (catch-as-catch-can), for any amount of stakes he may name. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint referee. Now if Bibby means business he will cover my money and I will send my representative to meet him at the POLICE GAZETTE office to post an additional stake and sign articles of agreement.

JOE ACTON.

Champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world. On receiving Acton's bold def, Richard K. Fox notified Bibby, and he called with his backer and covered Acton's \$100, and forwarded articles of agreement for Acton to sign. Acton and Bibby wrestled once before in this city for \$1,000, and Acton was the winner.

A SINGLE-SCULL race has at last been arranged between Wallace Ross and John Teemer, who are probably the best oarsmen in the world with the exception of Edward Hanlan, and Beach, the Australian. All arrangements have been made for the match, and the following protocol explains the conditions, etc.:

Articles of Agreement for a boat-race between Wallace Ross and John Teemer:

NEW YORK, June 25, 1884.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to row a sculler's race, in best-and-best boats, under and upon the following conditions, for one thousand (\$1,000) dollars a side. The distance to be 4 miles, 2 miles and return, to be rowed on the Oak Point, N. Y., course, Saturday, Aug. 2, 1884, between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M. To start from two boats anchored 20 yards apart, and turn boats moored 20 yards apart 2 miles from starting-point. The stern of the boats in which the men will row to be held until the word "Go" is given, said word to be given by the referee. The referee to be rowed over the course instead of following the race in a steamboat. The turning-boat to be turned from right to left. The first deposit of \$100 a side to be posted at the time of signing articles. The second deposit of \$400 a side to be posted on or before July 15, 1884. The final deposit of \$500 a side to be posted on or before July 27, 1884, and at which time the referee and final stakeholder shall be chosen. Each man to have a judge at the starting and turning points. The men, or their representatives, to choose for choice of position immediately before starting the race. In case of outside interference, where such interference shall in the opinion of the referee effect the result of the race, it shall be rowed over at the first favorable opportunity which the referee shall designate. The stakes, \$2,000, shall be paid to the winner upon a written order from the referee. Of all money derived from said race by gate receipts, the oarsmen shall receive two-thirds, divided as follows—66 2/3 per cent. to the winner, and 33 1/3 per cent. to the loser. The race to be governed by the rules and laws of boat-racing as adopted by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, except where such rules and laws conflict with the articles. The race to be rowed in smooth water, of which the referee is to be the judge, and, in case of postponement, shall be rowed the first favorable opportunity. Either party failing to comply with the provisions of these articles shall forfeit all money up. The decision of the referee shall be final and without appeal.

Signed,
WINNESES. JOHN TEEMER,
FRANK WILCOX, WALLACE ROSS.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

Dr. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."



JUPITER PLUVIUS SPOILS THE MASHES.

THE DAINY SIRENS OF THE CONEY ISLAND SANDS ARE CAUGHT IN TWO SUCCESSIVE CYCLONES AND LOSE THEIR GRIP ON THE DUDES.